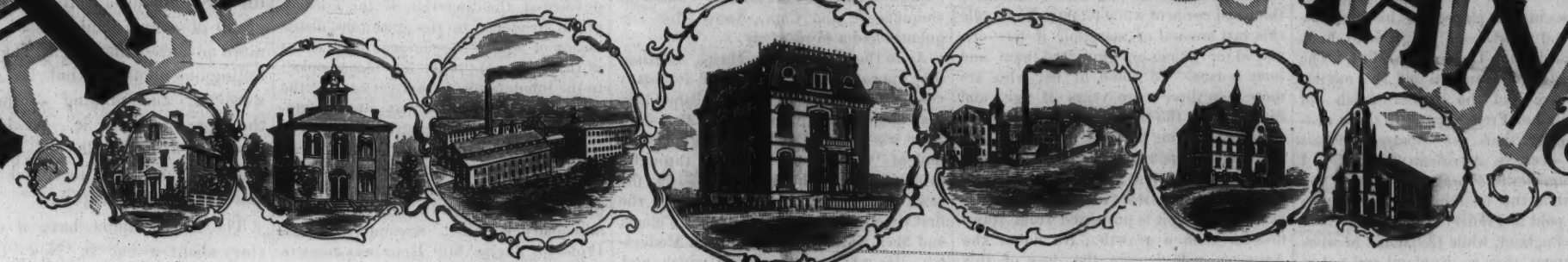


THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN



Andover, everywhere and always, first, last, she has been the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

VOL. I.

ANDOVER, MASS., MARCH 16, 1888.

NO. 23.

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Summary of Daily News.

FRIDAY, Mar. 9.

The Emperor of Germany dies at half-past eight this morning, and the Crown Prince is proclaimed King.

Investigation of the Sugar Trust continued at Washington.

Methodist University at Mitchell, Dakota, burned; several of the teachers and students fatally injured in jumping from the second and third stories. Spontaneous combustion from oily rags.

Hyde Tavern, an ancient and famous house in Franklin, Conn., burned by an incendiary. Other fires in Reading, Pa., and Harrisburg, Ill.

SATURDAY, Mar. 10.

Two roughs have a brutal fight near Pairs, resulting in a "draw," after thirty-nine rounds; both lodged in prison but released. One of them was a Boston rum seller, John L. Sullivan.

U. S. Marshall Meade and other officers imprisoned in Mexico, while pursuing passenger train robbers.

Silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by all the royal family, the King of Belgium, and the King and Queen of Denmark.

SUNDAY, Mar. 11.

Passenger train on Erie Railroad jumps the track at Scio, N. Y., runs through the station platform, into water-tanks, etc.; one passenger killed, others injured, some of them fatally.

The new Emperor and Empress arrive in Berlin from San Remo.

The Knights of Labor declare the coal-strike in the Lehigh region "off," and appeal for aid to pay the debts incurred by them in supporting the strikers while idle.

Great meeting of Brotherhood Engineers in New York, which serves a qualified warning on all roads abetting the C. B. and Q.

Dr. Bartol preaches a memorial sermon upon Bronson Alcott.

MONDAY, Mar. 12.

Great snow-storm of the season. Collision in the blinding snow storm on Hudson River Railroad; several persons injured.

Another collision—on Elevated Railroad in New York; engine demolished and engineer killed.

Fire in Richardson, Hill & Co.'s banking-house, Boston, catching from electric light wires.

TUESDAY, Mar. 13.

Snow-storm abated, but the blockade continues.

In Benton, Me., a fiendish fellow murders his wife, his two little children and himself. Wamsutta strike at New Bedford "off."

Fires: Smith's carriage factory in Roxbury; Amherst Block, Amherst, \$55,000; jewelry factory at Pawtuxet, R. I., \$38,000; in Phenix, R. I., \$20,000; in Camden, Me., \$30,000.

WEDNESDAY, Mar. 14.

The great blockade partially broken.

Kaiser Frederick issues his proclamation to the people of Germany.

Report of the destruction by cyclone of a railway bridge in Manitoba, with a train-load of passengers.

Fires: in Chemical Paper Co.'s mill at Holyoke, \$30,000; in French's variety store, Haverhill, \$2,500; Grand Detour flour works at Dixon, Ill., \$100,000; railroad depot, telegraph offices, etc., at Stamford, Ct., on Monday morning, but news just received.

THURSDAY, March 15.

Trains running again on all roads, and New York resumes business.

The blizzard crosses the Atlantic and is raging in Scotland.

The German Emperor reported as in fine spirits. He expects to attend the funeral on Friday, but "Bismarck and Von Moltke excused on considerations of health."

Terrible floods in Hungary.

Fire and explosion in Milwaukee, \$425,000 and four lives lost; Buckeye Buggy Company burned out in Columbus, O., \$150,000; boot factory in Holliston burned by incendiary.

500 Atchison and Topeka engineers strike; Union Pacific engineers go back to their work; C. B. & Q. running 56 passenger trains and 83 freight trains today.

Various News Items.

William I., the oldest, the most venerable, and it may perhaps be said, the most powerful monarch in the world, died on Friday morning, March 9, at half-past eight o'clock. His long life was an epitome of modern history in Europe. He was born in 1797, the first year of the reign of his father, Frederick William III., King of Prussia, and while the first Napoleon was waging war with Austria. Before he was ten years old, he saw Bonaparte's victorious entry into Berlin, and his mother fleeing from her throne. It was one of the strange compensations of history when at the head of the German army, sixty-four years after, he received Louis Napoleon's sword at Sedan, and entering Paris in triumph was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. He succeeded his older brother (Frederick William IV.) as King of Prussia in 1861, having already been Prince Regent for three years. Making Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron," his confidential counsellor, he gained by war and diplomacy the "unity," independence and liberty of Germany.

The Kaiser's death was worthy of his life. For two days his strength had been failing fast. On Thursday he talked at length with Bismarck on the affairs of the nation. Late Thursday afternoon he became very feeble, his voice sinking to a whisper, and seemed at the very point of death; it was then that his death was announced. He suddenly rallied, called for Count von Moltke and his grandson, Prince William, and astonished them by his recovery of strength and by speaking with energy and minuteness as to military and national matters. He repeatedly expressed his satisfaction with the Austro-German alliance, and his hope that there would be no war with Russia. He slept from 10 o'clock till 2 in the morning, and afterwards, though weak, was partially conscious. His last words were said to be "Fritz, dear Fritz," referring of course to his absent son, the Crown Prince, upon whom, in his weakness, the cares of the empire were about to fall. He was an absolutist of the strictest sort, firmly believing in the divine right of kings to reign and persistently opposing all efforts for popular liberty. Yet his thorough devotion to the welfare of his people, his irre-

proachable private and Christian character, the simplicity of his habits, the glory of his military career, and his marvelous success in the consolidation of the Empire, made him universally revered and beloved.

At the assembling of the Reichstag (House of Deputies), Prince Bismarck made the official announcement, "that since half-past eight o'clock his Majesty Emperor William has been at rest with his fathers." The Chancellor presented the document signed by his "master" in his last hours authorizing him to close the Reichstag, although pending the arrival of the new Emperor he did not use it. The grief of the people in Berlin was intense, all theatres, schools, and places of business closed, and nearly every house displaying a portrait of the deceased sovereign draped in black. Among the demonstrations of sympathy and respect from the various European capitals, the most noteworthy was that from Paris. President Carnot dispatched a message of condolence to Frederick William at San Remo, and the press chivalrously paid homage to their conqueror. Secretary Bayard sent from Washington a message of condolence through Minister Pendleton at Berlin.

"The King is dead, long live the King!" Frederick William immediately telegraphed from San Remo to Bismarck, that he would leave on Saturday for Berlin, signing himself simply "Frederick." The Chancellor announced in the Reichstag that the imperial dignity had fallen upon His Majesty, Frederick III. (It will be remembered that Frederick the Great was Frederick II., a sufficient reason why this title should be assumed, in preference to Frederick William V.) The journey of the royal invalid from the place of his exile in Italy was a remarkable one. King Humbert met him on the way, at a railway station; and was much moved by his ghastly appearance. The Emperor was unable to speak, but wrote on slips of paper what he would say, the Empress also interpreting his signs. They arrived in Berlin at a late hour on Sunday night. Prince Bismarck with all the principal men of the empire met him at Leipsic, and was cordially embraced by the Emperor. "Unser Fritz," as he is popularly called, is a great favorite with the people. He is fifty-six years old. As is well known, his wife is Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, whom he married in 1858, so that the unprecedented coincidence occurs of mother and daughter having the title of Empress. The Emperor has no brothers; the Grand Duchess of Baden is his sister. Deputations from all the regiments assembled in front of the monument of Frederick the Great on Monday and swore fidelity to the new Emperor, Frederick William, who is now Crown Prince, taking his oath with the Second Regiment of the Guards. He is twenty-nine years old and upon him will doubtless soon fall the burden of ruling the empire. An interesting sketch of him may be found on page 7 of this issue.

It is a common thing for trains to be run by telegraph, but the six o'clock train from Boston on Monday evening was stopped by wire in a novel way. A telegraph pole had fallen upon the track a short distance beyond Ballardvale. The engine ran over that or pushed it off, but as the train ran on all the wheels were so entangled with the wire as to bring it to a standstill. It was three-fourths of an hour before the wires were cut and removed so that the train could proceed.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

"Shawsheen" in Troy.

Thanking you for giving "Shawsheen" a place in your paper, I follow up my notes on New York and my walk from New York to Troy by quoting from memory my *siege* of Troy.

The importance of the Stove Manufacturing business in Troy I had heard of, but on seeing the place and its immense stores and workshops it grew to be a bigger place than I had dreamed of. The neat, useful goods turned out, the models of the stoves and the general finish put me in mind of French taste in these matters, rather than the square stiffness usually seen in American furniture. I made inquiries as to wages paid, etc., and found that the men got nearly double what is paid in France, 20 per cent. more than in England, while the hours of work were longer than in England and not so long as in France.

The making of collars and cuffs from real Irish and French linen is extensively carried on in Troy, and I saw where some of the goods were shipped from the old country were used, and wondered after seeing Cohoes near Troy with her immense knitting mills, why the American people did not make their own linens when they could cut them up so deftly into collars and cuffs. At Cohoes I saw for the first time an American water power. The Mohawk river is there made to obey man, and the dam-dyke and whole plant of the water power is big and gives one an idea of the vast resources of the country. I walked up the Mohawk valley a few miles above Cohoes—it just looked like a Scottish glen.

Below Cohoes the Mohawk joins the Hudson, and the whole district has life, energy and action as well as beauty. A river, especially a river that runs, is at all times a thing of beauty. Near Troy I had my first talk with an American farmer. I saw a man digging in a field, and at first could not tell whether it was a field of potatoes or a field of weeds. I ventured to ask the man how so many weeds were left growing along with so good a crop of potatoes. He said, "I guess, stranger, if you had the cows to milk and all my chores to do, you would let the weeds take care of themselves."

The neat farmers' houses struck me as a contrast to the dingy old stone houses of Scotland and the half clay, half wood, straw-thatched houses of France. The enormous quantities of apples being carted to the cider mills astonished me; the whole country seemed to be swarming with apples. I think of apples, sunshine and rivers when I think of Troy, and try to forget the last I saw of Troy, merely relating it to show that nature is not human nature. For as I went to the Railroad Station to get my ticket for Boston, I saw some hundreds of men gathered in groups round the saloons near the station. I do not know what was the matter—some dispute about a strike—but several free fights were going on and the language used was a mixture I had never heard before.

SHAWSHEEN.

The Cutting down of Andover Timber.

Mr. Editor:

As I cannot prevail upon you to take a ride, allow your imagination to go with me to the steam mills in Falls woods and see what we find.

In Sept. 1887, Messrs. Austin & Crowell purchased of J. P. Butterfield wood and timber upon forty-four acres of land (estate of Wm. Jenkins), being the most valuable pine lumber in the town. They also purchased of H. Gray, Wm. Tucker and Geo. W. Stover, making a total of nineteen hundred thousand feet of lumber, which is nearly all sawed and put upon the sticks for drying. The mill owned and used by this enterprising and successful company has the capacity of manufacturing twenty-five thousand feet per day, and is quite interesting to visit, being located near the residence of the late Wm. Jenkins.

About one-half mile distant, near the town line on the old mail-stage road to Salem, Mass., on the estate of Henry J. Gray, is located mill No. 2, and operated

by Messrs. McLaughlin and Eames, they having purchased of said estate the wood and timber on fifty acres and known as the "Half Acre." This is being rapidly cut, sawed and stuck up; it is estimated to turn out ten hundred thousand (1,000,000) feet.

Hayward Brothers have located mill No. 3 about one mile east upon said road, near the "Down Chute," and is expected to saw six hundred thousand feet of lumber (600,000), thus making a total of thirty-five hundred thousand feet (3,500,000) of pine and oak lumber, and three thousand cords of wood (3000). To handle this vast amount of material, it has employed more than one hundred men and forty horses. To some of us, who are more than three score years of age, and cannot recall the time when this territory was shorn, laying bare to view the hills and valleys, ponds and streams (Skug River not excepted), it gives good evidence that it requires from sixty to eighty years, allowing it is protected from forest fires for such a growth. No doubt the Assessors will deplore the loss of this valuable taxable property from their books.

J. S. W.

Andover, March 10.

As to Andover Taxation.

A communication upon the proposed water supply in a contemporary says:

The greatest benefit would accrue to those who contribute the least toward meeting the great indebtedness in way of taxation, and none whatever to those receiving no benefit at all, and that comprises at least two thirds of the citizens of Andover.

This evidently refers to the "Hill," with its "Institution" property, as to which there is a prevalent notion that no part of it is taxed—a great mistake. The following statistics collected from the Assessors, valuation of 1830, and from the preliminary catalogue of Phillips Academy, 1887-88, seem to me to throw a different light on the subject.

Number of non-resident students rooming in houses of private individuals, 163, in untaxed houses of Phillips Academy, 11, in taxed houses of the Academy, 37; total, 211. Room rentals vary from \$2 to \$10 per week. At \$100 for the school year (which is a very low estimate), the total amount received by citizens for rooming as above would exceed \$20,000. Over 250 students pay for table board, from \$3 to \$6 per week—an average of at least \$4, making \$38,000. That this annual income estimated at \$58,000, although really much larger than that, from room-rent and board, saying nothing of the large amount expended otherwise by students, assists to make business in the place no one will deny.

A TAXPAYER.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

Ancient Town Meetings.

Two or three old residents have given us a hint of one way the "Freeholders and other inhabitants" kept warm at the old town meetings—by wrestling. While the elders and officers of the town were carrying on business inside the meeting-house, the "ring of wrestling" was formed outside, within which various combatants—boys, youth and men—tested their strength. The contests were usually waged by representatives of the two parishes, North and South. When a boy—or man—was thrown, another from his parish was picked out to succeed him. Nathaniel Shattuck, familiarly called "Pout," from the west part of the town, was one of the most famous of the wrestlers, and "carried the ring" for several years. James Bond was another from the South parish, a cousin and employee of William Bond, the baker. Solomon Wood and Isaac Farnum were among the champions of the North parish.

It is of course well known that the town meetings were held alternately in the two parishes, one year at the North meeting-house, the next at the South meeting-house. The Moderator was elected from the parish where the meeting was held, although there may have been exceptions to this rule. In the latter part of the last century Samuel Osgood, Esq. and Hon. Samuel Phillips (Senior) were the favorite North Parish Moderators, and Judge

Samuel Phillips, Capt. Joshua Holt, and Mr. Nehemiah Abbot in the South. In the first part of this century, Dr. Thomas and Dr. Joseph Kittridge usually served at the North, and Capt. Zebadiah Holt, Mr. Joshua Chandler, Amos Blanchard, Amos Abbot, and Benjamin Jenkins are mentioned as chosen at the South. Our informant says that old Mr. Ezra Ingalls who lived in Frye Village, having his trip-hammer shop where Mr. William Poor's wheelwright shop now is, was one of the principal spokesmen at the meetings, old 'Squire Kneeland occasionally "aired his eloquence," and Capt. Amos Holt frequently had a word to say.

As to the time of the March meeting, they appear to have been called for many years at nine o'clock. Mr. Callahan says that about sixty-five years ago Maj. Nat. Poor was chosen Moderator with the intent of "putting the business through" in half a day. This is confirmed by the town records, the meeting in 1822 for the first time being called for twelve o'clock, and Maj. Nathaniel Poor chosen Moderator. He was from the South parish, and the name remains a good one for a Moderator to "push things." In 1825, a newer departure still was taken, the meeting being called for one o'clock, and so continued for several years. When the change was made back to twelve o'clock, this deponent knoweth not.

A former resident of Andover writes from a western state asking three questions about matters in the old town. The first relates to the

Judge Phillips' Charitable Fund.

Can any one tell what has become of the fund left by Judge Phillips for the purpose of supplying every family in Andover with a religious book, as often as the interest had amounted to a sufficient sum. I think it must now be more than twenty-five years since any distribution of books was made. I think it was called "The Phillips Donation Fund." Has it all been spent for books, or turned into some other channel of benevolence?

His wife, Madam Phillips, no doubt helped to create this fund, by her prudent way of "keeping the pot boiling," but the Judge was not outdone by her in point of economy, for it has been said that he wore a hole through the bottom of a wooden bowl, eating bread and milk. The story of Lieut. Gov. Phillips eating so much bread and milk as to wear out a wooden bowl must be reliable, for I had it from an aunt of Mr. Moses Abbot many years ago.

Some years ago, the importance of establishing a Farmers' Exchange in Andover, was brought before the Farmers' Club; a favorable decision was given, and a committee of its members chosen to take measures for carrying it into effect. Has ever anything been done about it since?

Why should Holt's Hill of late years be called by common consent, Prospect Hill? It derived its name from Nicholas Holt, one of the earliest settlers of Andover who built his home there, and it was owned and occupied by his descendants to the seventh generation. H. C. E.

Holt's Hill.

This is without doubt the early name and the proper name of this well known hill in the Holt district, the ownership of which has been in the Holt family from the time of Nicholas Holt, one of the earliest settlers of Andover, his name being the sixth in the ancient manuscript list of the "names of all the first householders in order as they came to town." He was the ancestor of all the Andover (and a good many other) Hols. Prof. Bache's coast survey, made over forty years ago, had this hill, said to be the highest in Essex County (423 feet above sea level), as one of its triangulating stations, with a heliotrope for reflecting light from distant stations. Communication was had thus with Mt. Monadnock. Mr. Dean Holt, the father of Librarian Holt, a lifetime resident on the ancestral place, had charge of the instruments of the survey in the absence of the officers, and we have seen an official document addressed to him as "Heliotrope, Holt's Hill, Andover." The hill is thus marked also on the town map of 1852. For many

years, however, this secondary name of "Prospect Hill" has been more or less used, and in the mouths of the rising generation which knows not Nicholas, James, Timothy, Dane, or Dean, as its former owners, the more common one. We suggest that the new map of the town should restore the old name, preserving perhaps the modern also: "Holt's (or Prospect) Hill."

In answer to the first question, a charitable fund was left by Lt. Gov. Phillips, the income of a part of which was to be devoted at the discretion of the Trustees of the Academy, to the gratuitous distribution of specified religious publications of that day, and "other like pious books" to the inhabitants of Andover and to "the inhabitants of new towns and plantations." In accordance with these provisions, "like pious books" have been distributed from time to time, as the state of the fund permitted, those to "new plantations" through the channel of home missionary societies. Several years ago, Professor Phelps' Still Hour was given to the families of the town under this bequest.

As to the Farmers' Exchange, we cannot learn from prominent members of the Farmers' Club by or reference to the Secretary's records that any action was ever taken on this matter.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE.

I saw in some of the letters in the TOWNSMAN that George Washington died of pneumonia. My grandma said when she was a little girl everybody said he died of quinsy. I would like to know which is correct. Perhaps some of you know which is correct but I don't.

FLORENCE M.

Florence's grandmother is right—for she lived a good deal nearer General Washington's time than the children. That is to say, he did not die of pneumonia, but of what was in old times called, in a general way, quinsy. A learned account of Washington's sickness was written by Dr. Jackson of Boston thirty years ago, showing that his disease was what the doctors now call *laryngitis*.

"The Grasshopper."

This is the name of a little paper edited and printed (on a type-writer) by a small Andover boy. As it is not marked "copyrighted," we reprint the whole paper. If you children think there are some curious mistakes in it, remember that it was written on a type-writer, and perhaps the editor's first experience—try it yourselves, if you have a chance and see how your writing will look! As grasshoppers do not do much hopping in such snow storms as we have had this week, we will explain that this is a back number—perhaps a year back—which happened to hop into the Circle at this time.

price to cents. Once little Jimmy was at his aunts he, wai goinc to lawrence in A sleigh in a to horsed sleigh and his uncle was going to drive he saw a lot of cows and one of them ran at the horse and the horse jumped and most tumbled out of the sleigh Jimmy screamed his uncle was scared and his aunt was frimhtened to very much and pretty soon they were all wright again and he saw a lot of water and their was some boys skateing on the ice and pretty soon the horse stopped because he lost a horse shew. so he went to the black smith to get a shew on and after he got his shew on they went on till they got to lawrence and his uncle bought a pair of skates. and after he got home he went skateing his father was very glad he had a pair of skates

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF JIMMY

WHEN JIMMY WAS AT SCHOOL.

Once when Jimmy was at school his teacher asked him how many, 6 and 5 and Jimmy said 100 no no said

his teacher said it is 11, he said 6 and 5 are 65 well you are a funny boy you can read very good and spell very good but you cant do numbers good at all, after Jimmy got home he was very tired and he went to take a nap and after he got up he found he had been in bed a nouri. . . . the end of the story about Jimmy.

An Ohio paper has a story of a little girl who had just begun her school life. She found herself one day in a group of school children who were more advanced than she. They were telling one another what books they were "in," and making as much of the subject as possible. At last she burst out with the list of what she was in: "I'm in a primer, and a slate, and a pencil, and a sponge."

The daily papers have a curious story about a cat in New Bedford which has learned to slide on the ice. It will run to get a good start, and then throwing itself down with fore and hind legs extended forward and backward, slide again and again, apparently with great enjoyment. The next thing, we shall hear that cats are learning to skate.

The *Youth's Companion* relates an incident which just fits in with the Circle's recent letters upon General Washington. Johnny, thinking to test his grandfather's knowledge of history asked him:

"Grandpa, do you know what great historical event happened in 1799?"

Grandpa slowly raised his eyes, and looked at Johnny over his spectacles.

"Why," said he, "that was the year I was born!"

A Parrot Singing, "Glory hallelujah."

"Grandfather" is the name of an old parrot, owned by Mr. W. H. Seward, Jr., of New York. This parrot has been a great traveller in his day, but now lives quiet at his home on the Hudson River. His master is very fond of him, and so are all the family; and he is the pet of all visitors who go to the house. Several years ago, in the time of the war, Mr. Seward lived in Washington, where his father then held the office of Secretary of State. At that time the "John Brown Song" was all the rage. The very boys in the street would sing, as they went along, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and other lines, ending with the chorus, "Glory, hallelujah!" "Grandfather" would listen and try to sing it; but all he could learn was the "Glory, hallelujah!" which amused the family very much. After a while he seemed to forget even this, although he learned many new things. Many years passed. Mr. Seward had gone to his own home on the Hudson River. The war was over, and the old campaign song of "John Brown" had passed out of the people's minds. The aunt of Mr. Seward, who had lived with him in Washington, and had not seen the parrot since, came to make the family a visit; and in asking after the health of all of them, said, "Don't tell 'Grandfather' I've come; I want to see if he will remember me." Then she went into the room where the parrot's cage hung, and going up to it, said "Good-morning, 'Grandfather.' How do you do? Do you know me?" "Glory, hallelujah!" said he.—*The Nursery*.

A little four-year-old's first idea about the moon: "Oh, mamma! I've seen the moon and all her little children." A little five-year-old's first impression of snow was: "Mamma! mamma! it's raining pills!"

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS DEFENDERS.

Libby Prison.

A curious scheme has recently been going the rounds of the newspapers as to taking down the famous Richmond prison, numbering every brick, stone and shingle, transporting it to Chicago, and there setting it up again. The prison is now owned by the Southern Fertilizing Company, and, it is said, can be bought for less than \$25,000. It is a purely business speculation, and as such would no doubt redound to the ingenuity and enterprise of Chicago, where the old prison under a glass roof would be a great curiosity. But in the interests of patriotism and of the historical fitness of things, such a scheme ought to be protested against. Libby Prison will be a building of terrible interest, so long as there are any survivors of the boys in blue who suffered indescribable horrors within its walls, or any children left of Union men who there laid down their lives as victims of starvation and fiendish cruelty. But to all such, the interest of a visit to the historic dungeon would be greatly diminished by removing it from its local associations on the banks of the James. By all means let it stand there in the rebel capital, as a perpetual reminder of the most barbarous treatment to prisoners of war ever permitted in a civilized nation. The following description of the prison is taken from Capt. Morans' thrilling story of Capt. Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison in the March Century:

Libby Prison fronts on Carey street, Richmond, and stands upon a hill which descends abruptly to the canal, from which its southern wall is only divided by a street and having a vacant lot on the east. The building was wholly detached, making it a comparatively easy matter to guard the prison securely with a small force and keep every door and window in full view from without. As an additional measure of safety, prisoners were not allowed on the ground-floor, except that in the day-time they were permitted to use the first floor of the middle section for a cook-room. The interior embraced nine large ware-house rooms 165x45, with eight feet from each floor to ceiling, except the upper floor, which gave more room, owing to the pitch of the gable roof. The abrupt slant of the hill gives the building an additional story on the south side. The whole building really embraces three sections, and these were originally separated by heavy blank walls. The Confederates cut doors through the walls of the two upper floors, which comprised the prisoners' quarters, and they were thus permitted to mingle freely with each other, but their was no communication whatever between the three large rooms on the first floors. Beneath these floors were three cellars of the same dimensions as the rooms above them, and, like them, were divided from each other by massive blank walls. For ready-comprehension, let these be designated the east, middle, and west cellars. Except in the lofts known as "Streight's room" and "Milroy's room," which were occupied by the earliest inmates of Libby in 1863, there was no furniture in the building, and only a few of the early comers possessed such a luxury as an old army blanket, or a knife, cup, and tin-plate. As a rule, the prisoner, by the time he reached Libby, found himself devoid of earthly goods save the meager and dust-begrimmed summer garb in which he had made his unlucky campaign.

At night the six large lofts presented strange war-pictures, over which a single tallow-candle wept copious and greasy tears that ran down over the petrified loaf of corn-bread, Borden's condensed milk can, or bottle in which it was set, and where it struggled on until "taps," when the guards, with unconscious irony, cried, "Lights out!" as which signal it usually disappeared amid a shower of boots and such other missiles as were at hand. The sleepers covered the six floors, lying in ranks, head to head and foot to foot, like prostrate lines of battle. For the general good, and to preserve something like military precision, these ranks (especially when cold weather compelled them to lie close for better warmth) were subdivided into convenient squads under charge of a "captain," who was invested with authority to see that every man lay "spoon fashion."

No consideration of personal convenience was permitted to interfere with

the general comfort of the "squad." Thus, when the hard floor could no longer be endured on the right side,—especially by the thin men,—the captain gave the command, "Attention, Squad Number Four! Prepare to spoon! One—two—spoon!" And the whole squad flopped over on the left side.

The first floor on the west of the building was used by the Confederates as an office and for sleeping-quarters for the prison officials, and a stair-way guarded by sentinels led from this to Milroy's room just above it. As before explained, the middle room was shut off from the office by a heavy blank wall. This room, known as the "Kitchen," had two stoves in it, one of which stood about ten feet from the heavy door that opened on Carey street sidewalk, and behind the stove was a fire-place. The room contained also several long pine tables with permanent seats attached, such as may be commonly seen at picnic grounds. The floor was constantly inundated here by several defective and overworked water-faucets and a leaky trough.

A stair-way without banisters led up on the south-west end of the floor, above which was a room known as the "Chickamauga room," and chiefly occupied by Chickamauga prisoners. The sentinel who had formerly been placed at this stair-way at night, to prevent the prisoners from entering the kitchen, had been withdrawn when, in the fall of 1863, the horrible condition of the floor made it untenable for sleeping purposes.

The uses to which the large ground-floor-room east of the kitchen was put, varied during the first two years of the war, but early in October of 1863, and thereafter, it was permanently used and known as the hospital; and it contained a large number of cots, which were never unoccupied. An apartment had been made at the north or front of the room, which served as a doctor's office and laboratory. Like those adjoining it on the west, this room had a large door opening on Carey street, which was heavily bolted and guarded on the outside.

The arrival of the Chickamauga prisoners greatly crowded the upper floors, and compelled the Confederates to board up a small portion of the east cellar at its south-east corner as an additional cook-room, several large caldrons having been set in a rudely built furnace; so, for a short period, the prisoners were allowed down there in the day-time to cook. A stair-way led from this cellar to the room above, which subsequently became the hospital.

Such, in brief, was the condition of things when Colonel Rose arrived at the prison. From the hour of his coming, a means of escape became his constant and eager study; and with this purpose in view he made a careful and minute survey of the entire premises.

From the windows of the upper east or "Gettysburg room" he could look across the vacant lot on the east and get a glimpse of the yard between two adjacent buildings which faced the canal and Carey street respectively, and he estimated the intervening space at about seventy feet. From the south windows he looked out across a street into the canal and James River, running parallel with each other, the two streams at this point being separated by a low and narrow strip of land. This strip periodically disappeared when protracted seasons of heavy rains came, or when spring floods so rapidly swelled the river that the latter invaded the cellars of Libby. At such times it was common to see enormous swarms of rats come out from the lower doors and windows of the prison and make head for dry land in swimming platoons amid the cheers of the prisoners in the upper windows. On one or two occasions Rose observed workmen descending from the middle of the south side street into a sewer running through its centre, and concluded that this sewer must have various openings to the canal both to the east and west of the prison.

The north portion of this cellar contained a large quantity of loose packing straw, covering the floor to an average depth of two feet; and this straw afforded shelter, especially at night, for a large colony of rats, which gave the place the name of "Rat Hell."

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Metcalf's Cough Mixture,	50 c.
Murphy's Cough Mixture,	10 c.

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Hood's,	67 c.
Ayer's,	80 c.
Brown's,	80 c.
Talbot's,	50 c.

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Quaker,	80 c.
Sulphur,	80 c.
Union Stomach,	75 c.

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Ayer's Vegetable,	20 c.
Brown's Laxative,	20 c.
Skink's Mandrick,	20 c.
Warner's Safe,	20 c.

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Alcock's Poras Plasters,	15 c.
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Hop,	15 c.
Poor Man's,	15 c.

SUNDRIES.

August Flowers, (Green's)	55 c.
Anodyne Liniment,	30 c.
Athlophoros,	90 c.
Beef, Iron and Wine,	80 c.
Balsam Wild Cherry,	50 c.
Beef Extract, (Liebig's)	45 c., 75 c. & 1.00.
Cosmoline,	20 c.
Cuticura Resolvent,	80 c.
Cuticura Soap,	20 c.
Centaur Liniment,	40 c.
Castoria,	30 c.
Fellow's Syrup Hypophosphites,	1.10.
Hammon's Liniment,	20 c.
Hartshorn's No. 18,	25 c.
Syrup Rhubarb,	35 c.
Cordial,	25 c.
Haynes' Arabian Balsam,	20 c.
Hood's Tooth Powder,	20 c.
Hosford's Acid Phosphate,	45 c. & 80 c.
Hall's Hair Renewer,	75 c.
Indian Sagwa,	80 c.
Lydia Pinkham's Compound,	90 c.
Lactated Food,	25 c. & 45 c.
Magee's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil,	80 c.
Mellon's Food,	40 c. & 65 c.
Needham's Solid Extract Red Clover,	2.50.
Pond's Extract,	45 c. & 80 c.
Perry David's Pain Killer,	25 c. & 45 c.
Preston's Glycerine Lotion,	30 c.
Rennes' Magic Oil,	25 c. & 45 c.
Ridge's Food,	30 c. & 50 c.
St. Jacob's Oil,	45 c.
Seidlitz Powders,	25 c.
Tweed's Liniment,	25 c.
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,	25 c. & 45 c.
Vaseline,	1.00.
Warner's Safe Kidney Cure,	90 c.
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Winslow's Soothing Syrup,	20 c.
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ANDOVER, MASS.

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CHILDREN'S CIRCLE: What Gen. Washington died of; "The Grasshopper"; Parrot singing "Glory Hallelujah," etc.

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS DEFENDERS: Libby Prison.

POETRY: Our Minister's Sermon.

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OF PUBLIC INTEREST: The Public and the Locomotive Engineers; The new Crown Prince; The Churches.

Andover was a favored town during the great storm which occasioned so much inconvenience, suffering, and destruction in the great cities and all over New England. Local trains on the Boston and Maine made fair time, our mails from Boston came regularly, our scholars went to school, and no family lost the visit of butcher, grocer, or milk-man. The only incident of special note was the inability of the coach to get through the drifts on Bartlet St. with a load of passengers after the Glee Club Concert on Monday night. It was stranded a little way above Pike St., and a lady passenger bound for Prof. Graves's given a shelter at the nearest house.

It is often said that many of the "modern improvements" are unnecessary—our fathers got along without them and were happy, and so can we. No, that does not follow! The times change, and we change with them. We may learn a significant lesson from the loss for four days of a few of these improvements. Telegraphs, express trains, mail trains, milk trains, electric lights, fire alarms, the weather bureau, are seen to be very essential. We could not get along without them now, much less be happy. Who would like to live in 1788, without telegraph or telephone, with no better means of traveling than the lumbering stage-coach and "one-horse shay," with tallow-candles for light, leather buckets of the "F. F. S." to extinguish fire, and the only "weather indications" to be found in "Robert B's" almanack, made the year before?

The proverb is that two of a trade can never agree, but here are two of a trade and two of a name—Geo. A. Putnam town clerk of Andover, and Geo. A. Putnam, town clerk of Rutland (Mass.), who annually exchange the reports of their respective towns.

Without reference to other towns, Andover itself would seem to be under the reign of the Georges just now—Geo. A. Putnam, town clerk, Geo. A. Putnam, collector, Geo. A. Parker, treasurer, Geo. H. Poor, moderator, Geo. F. Cheever, chief of police, Geo. S. Cole and Geo. W. Chandler on an important committee, with Geo. L. Abbott, Geo. W. Foster and Geo. H. Parker close at hand to fill any vacancies. It is interesting to note that the children's letters in the last two numbers of the TOWNSMAN describe "George" as a good, smart, brave, well-mannered man!

One swallow does not make a summer, and three bluebirds do not always usher in the balmy spring; for just that number was seen and heard a few days before the late storm began, "chortling out their joy."

ANDOVER NEWS.

After a sickness of six weeks, Mr. William Hardy of the West Parish died on Saturday last, in his seventieth year. He was the son of William and Sarah (Bailey) Hardy, and was born in Tewksbury, although the family removed to Andover when he was a child. His mother lived to the advanced age of ninety-six, dying in 1870. Mr. Hardy in early life worked at the sash and blind business, but for forty years had lived on the place where he died. He was a large landholder, and a hard working, energetic, solid, upright man. His wife survives him and nine out of their ten children, one having died in childhood. Rev. Mr. Greene attended his funeral at his late residence on Wednesday. The Sunday before his death, it being "Communion Sunday," Mr. Greene went to his home at his request and administered the sacrament.

Mrs. Nancy (Wentworth) Rogers died at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Henry McLawlin, on Sunday, March 11, in her eighty-eight year. She was the widow of Dea. John Rogers of Ossipee, N. H., and Newfield, Me., her birthplace having been Wakefield, N. H. She lived with her daughter here for twenty-two years, for the last ten of which she had been totally blind. She had been in good health otherwise up to the day of her death. Although from the circumstances known to but few here, she was a most worthy woman. Having attained the age of her mother—eighty-seven—she died quietly and suddenly, as she had often expressed a wish that she might, having a paralytic stroke on Sunday morning. She left two children, Mrs. McLawlin and Mr. A. W. Rogers of Malden, also seven grand-children, and seven great-grand-children. Her funeral was attended at Mr. McLawlin's house on Elm St., on Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Mr. Greene of Lowell.

Mr. Asa M. Scarlett, whose death we recorded last week, was a brother of Mrs. William G. Brown, and was here on a visit to her, when he was taken sick. He had lived several years in Manchester, N. H., but latterly in Malden. He was an ex-soldier, member of the 49th Mass. Rev. F. B. Makepeace attended his funeral on Sunday at the house of Mr. Brown.

Rev. J. V. Stratton, the pastor elect of the Baptist church comes from Waltham, where he sustained the pastoral charge for seven years. His settlement previous to that was in Morristown, N. J. He expects to move with his family to Andover the coming week, to reside on High St., opposite the dwelling of Mr. Harding. Mr. Stratton has one son pursuing High School studies, and a daughter now at the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. That the educational advantages of Andover will be duly considered on their part is not unlikely.

The new Board of Selectmen had their first meeting on Monday. Geo. F. Cheever was appointed Chief of Police; Richard J. Sherry, John W. Tough, and Robert Bell, policemen; Samuel G. Bean, auctioneer, and Charles S. Parker, undertaker. The Board will hold a business meeting Monday afternoon, March 19, at 3 o'clock.

Chief Cheever has had his eye for some time on one or more so-called "pocket-merchants" or travelling liquor-saloons, who carried their bars and their bottles in their overcoats. He made a capture on Saturday last—of a man from Lynn, temporarily working in Andover, who was tried by Justice Poor for drunkenness and sentenced \$1 and costs. Another party—not from Lynn—was tried for illegal sale of intoxicating liquors and fined \$50 and costs, from which he appealed. The people of Andover voted No on this question, they mean No, and will sustain the authorities in the strict enforcement of the law.

The Rev. Charles Smith estate has been sold (by Geo. L. Abbot) to Mr. Horace J. Canfield, a prominent citizen of Berkshire County (Stockbridge), for \$11,000. He is to occupy it about the first of May.

The B. B. Edwards place on Main street is offered for sale by S. K. Johnson.

It should not be forgotten that Sam. Small, the "Georgia evangelist," lectures tonight at the Town Hall. His lecture "From Bar-Room to Pulpit," is the story of his own rescue, and is warmly praised by the papers in the cities where it has been delivered as thrilling, pathetic and impressive.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Stinson, probated at Salem on Monday, left \$40 to the Seamen's Friend Society.

Rev. C. W. Park of Birmingham, Ct. was snow-bound here during the great storm.

Mrs. Savory is visiting her brother, Mr. Horace H. Tyer.

Miss Myra Bodwell and Miss Louise Goldsmith have had pleasant birthday gatherings the past week.

Rev. C. H. Cutler, wife and daughter, have been visiting at Mr. George Ripley's the past week.

The Hiawatha Club had a very enjoyable meeting with Miss Mary Blood last Tuesday evening.

Mr. J. H. Hunt of Topeka, Kansas, has been visiting at Dr. J. F. Richards's for a few days.

The Andover Council, No. 65, R. A., will celebrate its tenth anniversary at the Town Hall on the 23rd of March. An entertainment, and addresses by officers of the order make up the proposed programme.

There are to be readings by Prof. Blish of Boston and singing by the Loyal Male Quartette of Boston. Admission will be by complimentary tickets, the entertainment to begin at 7.45 o'clock.

Mr. Geo. C. Davis has returned from Boston, to his pleasant residence on Phillips St. for the season.

Mrs. Fred. White of Wilmington, formerly Rebecca L. Allen of Andover, who was for many years a compositor in Mr. Draper's printing office, was in town last week.

A published statement of the standing of the junior class at Trinity College places Prosser H. Frye of Andover among the first five.

Mrs. Mary A. Richards of the Andover Bookstore and the Andover Press spent last Sabbath in Cambridge.

It will be a relief to many to learn that the L. F. Howe who was reported as injured in the Erie Railroad accident last week was another man, and not Lucian F. Howe, well known in Andover.

A meeting to make preliminary arrangements for the formation of an Athletic Association was held at the lower Town Hall on Tuesday evening. Several committees were chosen to further this organization and much interest was manifested. The large field opposite the coal sheds on Railroad St. has been obtained for grounds and it is proposed to go into tennis and base-ball. Prominent young men in town are the movers and a strong association seems probable.

Mr. George A. Higgins has been housed several days by a slight illness.

The Andover Bakery formerly run by Frank Sawyer, has been leased by John Driscoll. The business will be carried on by his two boys.

Mr. Frank Irving has sold his blacksmith business to a Mr. Kelley who formerly worked in town.

A. H. Abbott the peddler was caught in Lowell by the great storm and in trying to get home had several mishaps which caused him two days' delay.

Mrs. W. O. Stearns of Casco, N. Y., has been visiting at Miss M. A. Ballard's.

Mr. Frank Mills leaves town early next week for the West, with the intention of permanently locating there. His immediate destination is St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. George A. Richardson, an old Andover boy was visiting friends in town last Wednesday.

Mr. Fred. Chandler expects to go to Philadelphia early next month to take a position with the Knickerbocker Ice Co.

Some of the prominent young men in town are making preliminary arrangements for the formation of a first class Athletic Association. This is an evidence of life and we wish it success.

The second annual dinner of the Andover Club in Amherst College, last Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair. Principal Bancroft was a guest, and spoke for the Academy. Corliss, P. A. '86, represented the Andover Club in Williams College.

A special meeting of the Farmers' Club was held Thursday evening, for a free interchange of views on the "Creamery Question." After a pretty thorough discussion, a committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of introducing a Creamery in Andover, to report in three weeks. Messrs. Albert Berry, Peter D. Smith, Nathan F. Abbott, E. F. Holt, James J. Abbott, Joseph W. Smith, and Sumner Caruth were made this Committee.

Fast Day, April 5.

Dr. Selah Merrill had an appointment to lecture on Monday evening in New Haven, and kept it by giving on Tuesday evening "a feast of reason to an appreciative and truly thankful audience"—as the Boston papers call it—in the snow-bound train at Indian Orchard. He arrived back at Andover on Thursday evening, and promises to write an account of his travels for the next issue of the TOWNSMAN.

Before the close of the Theological Seminary on Wednesday, for twelve days' recess, the appointments were announced as follows: The commencement speakers are to be Messrs. W. A. Anderson, J. W. Buckham, E. H. Chandler, C. M. Clark, W. I. Cole, and T. M. Edmunds, representing respectively the departments under Professors Gulliver, Smyth, Moore, Tucker, Hincks, and Harris. The Winkley Fellowship was awarded to Mr. Clark. The privilege of this fellowship permits two years of study, which Mr. Clark will probably spend in Germany. One of the scholarships for the investigation of some subject in practical theology was awarded to Mr. E. H. Chandler, the subject assigned being The Method of Work in people's churches.

In spite of the great snow-blockades of the last few days, a party of nearly fifty ladies met at the Parker House in Boston, Wednesday afternoon, to enjoy a reunion of the Abbot Academy Alumnae Association. They came from Portland, Manchester, N. H., Medford, and Newton as well as from Andover and Boston, two of them having been eight hours on the way. These included representatives from '36 to '86, some of the former instructors making great efforts to be present. The flowers furnished by Mrs. Waterman and the menu cards of Andover print added much to the attractiveness of the table. Mrs. Daniel Chamberlain, President of the Association, sat at the head of the table, with Miss McKen at her right and Mrs. Brown (Miss Montague) at her left. There was time before lunch for hearty greetings and renewals of former acquaintanceship, and in the dining room conversation did not lag.

After lunch which was pleasantly informal, Mrs. Chamberlain referred aptly to the Lawn Party of last summer, and welcomed us all to Boston. Miss McKen was introduced and awoke the enthusiasm of former pupils in speaking of the past, the present, and the future of Abbot Academy. She referred feelingly to the strength and encouragement received from the Alumnae, and begged them to keep the school true to her place as a school for the higher education of woman. Mrs. Sperry (Miss Leary) spoke of her indebtedness to the school, especially to Miss McKen and "Miss Phebe," and her hope that the school would never become so large that the personal relation of teachers and scholars would be changed. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Mead and others also spoke, after which the company separated, gladdened by the pervading and enthusiastic loyalty to our time-honored Abbot Academy.

On Friday evening, March 23rd, a novel entertainment will be held in the Academy under the auspices of the Philomathean Society which promises to be very interesting and will undoubtedly attract many of the townspeople. On that evening the students will hold a Mock National Republican Convention. The proceedings will be conducted as nearly after the manner of the national conventions as possible, and after the nominations an opportunity will be given to all to take part in the balloting, at an expense of ten cents a ballot. A small admission fee will be charged at the door. Let every one turn out, as the larger the crowd the more interesting will be the convention.

The time of the great storm did not correspond happily to the appointment of the entertainment of the Phillips Glee and Banjo Clubs on Monday evening, and anything like a full audience was simply impossible, although "the boys" turned out loyally. The parts were all gone through however, to the delight of those who were present. The performance was generously repeated on Thursday evening to a full house, and is universally declared to be one of the best concerts of the kind ever given in Andover. The singing, the playing, and Mr. Hamlin's whistling, were all admirable. Mary's Lamb and the Owl and the Pussy Cat, respectively by Mr. Stone and club, and Mr. S. E. Farwell and club, were especially praised, as also the banjo selections of Messrs. Hollister, Ogden, and Crofton. The banjo and guitar duet by Mr. Hollister and Mr. Carr was heartily received, and Mr. Beeson's guitar solo, so exquisitely executed as to be three times encored. A unique feature of the evenings entertainment, not on the programme, was a chair drill, which, with one or two other local allusions, brought down the house in great applause. We hope the clubs received a commensurate financial return for their double expense.

Frye Village.

The TOWNSMAN is for sale every Friday at Mrs. Messer's.

Mr. E. A. Keep of the Seminary conducted the services in the Hall, Sunday evening. Subject: Heb. 13:8.

George Mayer has been home on a visit from Pelham, N. H.

Monday evening being so stormy, the help working for the Smith & Dove M'g Co., in their mills here, were conveyed to their homes. Those who live in Lawrence were carried up to the depot and put on the train, and the rest carried to their doors. This was a very acceptable surprise to them on such a stormy night.

Mr. Matthew Kelly is making arrangements for a new factory, Messrs. Cole & Hardy doing the work.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, who had been at Chas. H. Hussey's with his clothes Monday forenoon, in returning could go no further than Smith & Dove's office on account of one of the wheels of his wagon going to pieces.

Miss Mattie A. Jones, teacher of the Primary department bade good-bye to her pupils last Friday afternoon, presenting each of them with a memento.

School vacation for two weeks.

The evening schools are now closed for the season.

Mr. George Easdale moved Monday to Lawrence.

The fourth of the series of entertainments at the Hall was given last Friday evening, Rev. F. Barrows Makepeace lecturing on his recent trip to Europe. The lecture, which dwelt largely upon his experiences and observations in Scotland, was both interesting and instructive throughout, and the complimentary remarks of the Chairman, Mr. J. W. Smith, were confirmed by the audience in a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Makepeace.

The ice on Poor's Pond was of three several thicknesses. On the morning of March 10, old ice on first crop 20 inches; where cut on second crop 16 inches; where cut second time on third crop 9 inches; so there could have been secured from this pond three good crops of ice, which gives some idea of the severity of this winter.

A commencement has been made on the improvements in the vicinity of the village. Nearly all the willows have been cut down giving the road quite another appearance.

Abbott Village.

At a meeting held in Abbott Village school room last Saturday, it was resolved to form an Association, having for its main object the game of English Association Football. It was agreed to call it, the Andover Athletic Association. The following officers were elected, viz.: President, Mr. I. Gillespie; Treasurer, Mr. C. McDermott; Secretary, Mr. Geo. Christie. Secretary's address, Box 309, Andover, Mass.

Last entertainment and social of the Burns Club tomorrow (Saturday) evening at 8.30 p. m. Sale of tickets closes to-night.

Mrs. John Busfield of this Village is seriously ill.

The Towns Around us.

Thos. W. Curtis, the first teacher of the Lawrence High School (1849), died last week in New Haven.

Mr. John Hale who died at Boxford March 7, in his eighty-seventh year, was a well known farmer of the town. Three of his sons served in the War of the Rebellion, two dying in the service.

The bill for reimbursing Lawrence (by the county) in part for rebuilding the Lawrence and Andover bridges has passed both branches of the Legislature and been signed by the Governor.

The will of Mrs. Betsy R. Lang of Tewksbury, in addition to public bequests amounting to about \$40,000, leaves \$1000 to the Congregational church in Tewksbury and \$4000 for the maintenance of a High School there.

CHIPS AND CLIPS.

Oh what is so raw as a day in March!—Lowell Courier.

The papers say that Mrs. John Gest of Wichita, Kansas, has presented her husband with twenty-two children, including two pairs of twins and one triplet. We do not know "jest" how that man's name is pronounced, but it may be safely guessed that he will find it no jest to entertain so many young guests.

The flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower, and finding it about as wet inside as out, said, "You have quite a pond on the floor!" "Yis; sure we have a great lake in the roof."—Harper's.

BALLARDVALE

BALLARDVALE STATION, B. & M. R. R.
C. H. Marland, Agent.

BALLARDVALE TO BOSTON. A.M. 6:55; 7:51; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 2:14; 3:23; 4:30; 5:49; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:58.

BALLARDVALE TO LOWELL. 7:51; 9:57; 10:40; 11:15. P.M. 12:34; 1:45; 2:49; 3:23; 4:30; 5:55; 7:17; 9:44. Sunday: A.M. 8:38. P.M. 12:25; 5:58.

BALLARDVALE TO LAWRENCE. A.M. 6:57; 7:28; 8:18; 8:55; 10:19; 11:25. P.M. 12:48; 1:18; 3:37; 4:55; 5:40; 6:45; 7:26; 7:48. Sunday: A.M. 9:01. P.M. 6:06; 8:00.

BOSTON TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6:00; 7:30; 9:30; 10:25. P.M. 12:02; 2:30; 4:02; 5:00; 6:00; 6:35; 7:00; 11:00. Sunday: A.M. 8:00. P.M. 5:00; 7:00.

LOWELL TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 7:10; 7:35; 8:35; 11:00. P.M. 1:00; 3:00; 4:00; 5:10; 6:15; 6:55; 11:10. Sunday: A.M. 8:20; P.M. 5:40; 7:30.

LAWRENCE TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6:40; 7:30; 9:40; 10:20; 11:00. P.M. 12:17; 1:10; 2:00; 2:50; 3:00; 4:15; 5:40; (7:05 from So. Law.); 9:30. Sunday: A.M. 8:15. P.M. 12:10; 5:35.

Mr. Winslow Goodwin is the authorized agent of the TOWNSMAN in Ballardvale.

Wm. Quinn has moved into Jas. E. Dearbon's house on River St.

Miss Linnie Penny is recovering from the measles. L. A. and W. F. Penney are both down with the same disease.

Mr. Wm. Roselins, jr. of Meriden Ct. spent Sunday in town with his father, Mr. Wm. Roselins.

Mr. Chas. Greene will go with the First Mass. H. A. Association, of which he is a member, on their excursion to Southern battle fields, leaving April 28.

Miss Nellie V. Cisco gave an enjoyable party to her friends last Friday night at Dr. Shattuck's residence.

Ex-mayor Donovan of Lowell will open the Catholic bazar at Wilmington.

The members of the base-ball club are selling tickets for their grand ball, Monday evening, April 2. The boys have proved themselves capable of handling a ball on the diamond or in a hall and they intend to have this one eclipse anything given here lately. The hall will be elaborately decorated and an entertainment will be furnished. Prizes will be given to the most graceful waltzers. Melvin's Orchestra will furnish music.

A four months old child of Clarence F. Harrington had its clothes set on fire by another child playing with matches and so shockingly burned, last Friday, that its life was despaired of for a time. It is now doing well under Dr. Shattuck's care.

NORTH ANDOVER.

NORTH ANDOVER STATION, B. & M. R. R.
Geo. S. Spence, Agent.

TRAINS LEAVE FOR BOSTON. A.M. 7:30, 8:21, 9:35, 10:57. P.M. 12:14, 3:06, 4:02, 5:27, 6:56, 9:21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:13, 11:57. P.M. 4:19, 5:36, 7:37.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR NORTH ANDOVER: A.M. 6:00, 7:30, 9:30, 12:02. P.M. 2:15, 3:20, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 11:00. P.M. 8:00. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:00. P.M. 6:00, 7:00.

NO. A. TO LOWELL: A.M. 7:30, 8:21, 9:35, 10:57. P.M. 12:14, 3:06, 4:02, 5:27, 6:56, 7:00, 9:21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:13, 11:57. P.M. 4:19, 5:36, 8:37.

LOWELL TO NO. A.: A.M. 7:10, 7:35. P.M. 12:15, 3:06, 3:40, 5:10, 6:15, 11:10. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:20. P.M. 7:30.

NO. A. TO SO. LAWRENCE: A.M. 7:30, 7:55, 8:21, 9:22, 9:35, 10:57, 11:57. P.M. 12:14, 12:30, 3:06, 4:02, 5:27, 6:56, 7:00, 9:21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:13, 11:57. P.M. 4:19, 5:36, 8:37.

NO. A. TO NO. LAWRENCE: A.M. 7:55, 9:22, 11:57. P.M. 12:30, 4:02, 5:27, 6:56, 9:21. SUNDAY: A.M. 11:57. P.M. 8:36.

NO. LAWRENCE TO NO. A.: A.M. 7:41, 7:50, 8:25. P.M. 1:00, 3:45, 5:50, 11:55. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:17. P.M. 8:17.

NO. A. TO SALEM: A.M. 7:48, 8:35. P.M. 1:07, 5:58.

SALEM TO NO. A.: A.M. 7:00, 11:32. P.M. 4:43, 6:00.

GOING EAST: A.M. 8:57. P.M. 1:05, 4:18, 5:58. SUNDAY: 7:00 P.M.

NO. A. TO HAVERHILL: A.M. 12:02, 7:16, 7:58, 8:37, 10:57. P.M. 1:05, 3:12, 3:55, 4:18, 5:58, 7:00, 8:05. SUNDAY: A.M. 9:18. P.M. 7:00, 8:25.

HAVERHILL TO NO. A.: A.M. 7:17, 8:10, 9:10, 9:22, 10:45, 11:45. P.M. 12:02, 2:54, 3:50, 5:15, 6:45, 9:10. SUNDAY: A.M. 8:00, 11:45. P.M. 4:08, 5:25, 7:25.

POST-OFFICE, NO. ANDOVER DEPOT.

Charles A. Pilling, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: For Boston, 9:32, 12:14, 6:56; for Boston and Way Stations, 12:14, 6:56; for Lawrence, 11:15, 12:14, 6:56; for North Andover, 8:50, 1:30, 5:00; for Portland and Way Stations, 8:32, 4:49; for Georgetown and West Boxford, 1:30.

MAILS OPEN: From Boston, 7:15, 8:32, 1:00, 4:49; from Portland and Way Stations, 12:14, 6:56; from North Andover, 9:15, 11:15, 5:30; from Georgetown and West Boxford, 11:15; from Lawrence and the North, 8:37, 1:30, 4:49.

OFFICE HOURS: 7:00. A.M. to 8:00 P.M.

MONEY ORDERS can be obtained on any Money Order office in the United States, and

DRAFTS on any part of the old country.

The sad accident of Friday afternoon at Chelsea which caused the death of Mr. Golden was heard of in town on the following morning with expressions of sympathy and regret. He left work Friday morning for Boston and on his return from a visit to friends in Chelsea fell from the horse-cars and was run over by a car coming in an opposite direction and was instantly killed. Hewas a native of Lawrence and has been for many years employed in the painting department of Davis and Furber, where he was a tasteful and trustworthy workman. He was formerly a member of Company F, Ninth Regiment and is pleasantly remembered by his numerous friends. He leaves a widow with three small children. His sister is Miss Belle Golden of Lawrence. Funeral services were held in St. Michael's church, Sunday afternoon and the remains taken to Lawrence for burial. The bearers were: Messrs. George Rextrow, G. M. Webber, John C. Quealy; and Eugene Sullivan.

A new turbine water wheel will be placed in the "brick" shop at Davis and Furber's.

Monday was chosen for visiting other schools by the teachers of the Johnson High School.

One hundred people assembled in the Bradstreet school-house Saturday evening to enjoy the programme given by the Total Abstinence Society assisted by their lady friends. "The Leak in the Dike," recited by little Sarah Eastwood deserves special mention as it is rare to find so much talent developed in so young a girl. Songs by Mr. S. A. O'Brien and Mr. Frank Gile; vocal duet, Misses Merrow and Clark, and Messrs. Robinson and Moulton; readings by Mrs. Calvin Sanborn, Mrs. Martin Dunbar, Mr. Roberts, and Misses Annie and Sarah Broadbent, and Minnie Stevens; remarks by Mr. Geo. Reynolds, and a temperance address by Mr. F. W. Frisbee. The organ was kindly loaned by Mrs. Calvin Sanborn, who was the accompanist.

Mr. Michael Smith, who has been overseer in the card room in the North Andover Mills for nineteen years, has severed his connection therewith.

The meeting appointed for Tuesday evening in the vestry of the Congregational church, for the purpose of considering the propriety of holding an annual supper, and of reviewing the work of the Society, was postponed, on account of the weather, until Tuesday evening, March 20 at 7:45 o'clock.

The schools in town had one session Monday and for the first time in many years, the weather was such Tuesday morning, as to prevent the opening of the schools.

The teachers' club met again Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock; every teacher was present. President Kinley left at 3 o'clock and Rev. Mr. Noyes took the chair. Miss Lizzie F. Ingalls read an extended report from educational journals after which came the report from the visiting teachers. Principal Smith visited in Medford, Misses Sanborn and Sargent in Peabody, Miss Qualey in Lawrence, Misses Bailey and Kelley in Haverhill and Lawrence, Miss Churchill in Lowell. Among the questions which were put in the box by the teachers as requested, were these: Is it important for the Metric system to be taught? which was answered "No," by authority. Should a boy who is left-handed be taught to use his right? How far should scholars be taken in numbers the first year? What is the approved pronunciation of Arkansas? What should be done with a persistent liar? With a girl who laughed almost continually? His arms are ten yards long. Parse. Should all topics be taught until the principles are understood by all the class? The psychology lesson was omitted. Taken all together, this meeting surpassed the others in general interest shown. [We should think it would have done so, with such interesting questions—and some of them quite practical—as those given above. If it would not be "telling tales out of school," we wish some of the teachers present would give us the "sense of the meeting" as to some of them—especially the second, fourth, fifth and sixth. The arms, of the length referred to, must be "arms of the law," and we presume most scholars would pass them quickly! ED.]

Mrs. Mary (Chickering) Rea, one of our respected residents, passed peacefully away at her home, Wednesday, aged 83 years. She leaves seven children, Mr. Aaron G. Rea, Mr. John H. Rea, Mr. Jacob C. Rea of Andover, Mr. W. Harrison Rea, Mr. Milton Rea of Revere, Mr. S. Calvin Rea and one married daughter, Mrs. Mary Louise Berry. Bright and vivacious as a girl, she retained the same character through life and was a cheering presence almost to the last. Funeral services Friday afternoon.

Colby's orchestra is to furnish music for a course of Social Assemblies to be given by the Conductors and Engineers of the Boston & Maine railroad. They will be held in the old Battery Hall, Lawrence, the first to occur March 16.

The members of the Young Ladies Mission Circle entertained the Young People's Literary and Social Society at the parsonage, Friday evening. An address of welcome was given by Rev. H. H. Leavitt, and the entertainment committee consisting of Misses Edith McCleary, Marion Lawson, Etta Perkins and Lettie Blaisdell, presented the following programme: Piano duet, Misses McCleary and Perkins; reading, Miss Annie Saunders; singing by a male quartette, Messrs. Robinson, McLean, Butterworth and Moulton; song, Miss Lizzie Saunders; reading, Miss Alice Harris; vocal duet, Miss J. C. Prince and Mr. L. Robinson; piano solo, Miss Carrie Holt. A bountiful repast was served under the direction of Mrs. N. P. Frye, Mrs. Moses Merrill, Misses Myra Gordon and Louisa Prince.

The driving storm of Monday so drifted the roads as to impede travel considerably. The horse-cars were unable to make their regular trips and many of the Lawrence men who work in the Machine Shop here were obliged to walk home. One man reports that he was forced to find egress from his house Tuesday morning through the window. The trains on the Eastern Division of the Boston and Maine railroad were prevented from running between Lawrence and Salem until nearly noon.

Mr. B. P. Saunders spent the Sabbath with relatives in Lowell.

Mr. Byron K. Farnum leaves for Chicago the last of the month.

Four new members were admitted to the Grange at its last week's meeting.

Monday evening when the storm was raging Mr. John Sutton started for the Marble-ridge depot when his horse tipped his sleigh over, spilling Mr. Sutton out and running away, remaining out all night and being found on the farm of Mr. Ames on the Andover road.

The "oldest inhabitant" was out Tuesday morning telling of storms in years past.

The Herald of Wednesday morning says: "Everybody connected with the postal division of the government, however, was at his post, ready for any emergency, excepting the assistant postmaster. Not forewarned of the storm's approach, he had gone to his home in Andover the night before. At six o'clock yesterday morning he started out in a sledge attached to four horses to drive to the station four miles distant. After making a mile in two hours he gave up the attempt, and resolved to take a later train on the branch road connecting Lawrence and Salem, the station on which is nearer to his home. Leaving Andover in the middle of the forenoon, he reached the postoffice at a little before 2 o'clock. The roads all through the upper part of Essex county he reports as impassable."

Mr. Geo. N. Hannaford of this town is now Captain of the Meriden Polo team.

The Republican Caucus will be held in Stevens Hall, Monday evening at 7:45 o'clock for the nomination of three candidates for Road Commissioners; one for one year, one for two years, and one for three years; and to choose delegates to the State and District conventions.

Mr. Chas. Stevens and daughter of Ware and Miss Mary O. Stevens of No. Andover started with the Raymond excursion en route for Mexico Monday. The train on which they started from Boston was blocked in the snowdrifts near Fitchburg Monday night and was not released till sometime Wednesday.

Mr. James Woodhouse is to have charge of the carding in Sutton's and the North Andover Mills.

Road Surveyor Nason reports that the snow in some places at the Center was five feet deep.

A chimney fire in one of the houses in the "Yellow Row" was extinguished Monday evening by Engineer Daw and firemen Davis, Johnson, and Wiswell. No damage done.

Mr. Geo. L. Smith has returned from his Southern trip.

A petition was circulated early in the week to insert an article in the warrant to defer the macadamizing of Sutton St. near Ellis' Hill until Fall, as it is claimed that the work can be done at less expense at that time.

An excess of animal food and a partial closing of the pores of the skin, during the winter months cause the system to become filled with impurities. These can be removed and the blood purified and invigorated by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price \$1.

BRANCH STORE,

NORTH ANDOVER CENTRE.

RUBBER FOOT WEAR

Complete Assortment.

T. A. HOLT & Co.

DOG LOST!

Long, curly haired St. Bernard. Medium sized, Fawn color. LIBERAL REWARD will be paid for his return to

M. T. STEVENS.

North Andover, Mass., March 15, 1888.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

Essex, ss.

To the Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of David Snow, late of Andover, in said county, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by William A. Haskell and Ellen C. Snow, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them the executors therein named, and that they may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on their bond, for the reasons alleged in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Salem, in said county of Essex, on the first Monday of April, next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper, called the ANDOVER TOWNSMAN, printed at Andover, the last publication to be two days at least before said court.

Witness, GEORGE F. CHASE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

J. T. MAHONEY, REGISTER.

PIANO TUNING.

MR. WM. GARRETT will be in town March 29th and attend to all orders for piano tuning. Orders may be left at the Andover Book Store.

Easter Cards,
BOOKLETS

-AND-

BEAUTIFUL * DESIGNS

-FOR-

EASTER GIFTS

-AT THE-

ANDOVER BOOK STORE.

1867-18.

Clocks! Clocks!!

New Line of

CLOCKS

at

J. E. Whiting's

MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

THE DISPLAY

OF

CINERARIAS

AT

Mrs. Waterman's Greenhouses

IS SIMPLY GORGEOUS.

Only 30c. a pot.

NOTICE.

Teachers of the Public Schools may receive their pay on Monday, March 12th, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Spring term commences on Monday, March 26th. Per order of Committee.

Andover, 1888.

E. F. HOLT, Sec'y

Engraving on Metal Made Easy!

Perfect Guide! Everything Furnished! Send two 2c. stamps for particulars and Samples of Engraving.

P. O. Box, 798, Middletown, Conn.

ANY ONE

wanting washing and ironing neatly done, call on MRS. H. CUMMINGS, No. 1 SCHOOL STREET, OPPOSITE DEPOT.

PIGS AND SHOATS

FOR SALE BY

DAVID JAMESON.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

A good Second Hand Sewing Machine; the owner having no further use for it, Inquire of MRS. S. A. GRAY, Chestnut Street.

COCHICHEWICK LAKE ICE.

ADAMS & DAW of North Andover wish to inform the citizens of Andover, North Andover and vicinity that they are prepared to deliver

PURE LAKE ICE

to families and others. Orders for Andover left at R. M. Abbott's, corner of Summer Street and Punchard Avenue will be promptly attended to.

EDWARD ADAMS.

JAMES DAW.

FOR SALE ON SCHOOL STREET.

A NEW HOUSE, well built and convenient, containing 15 rooms, beside bath-room with hot and cold water—one room on each floor provided with open fireplace.

The lot of land contains about 15000 feet, with fruit and shade trees.

Location one of the Best in Town.

For terms apply to

HORACE WILSON,

SCHOOL STREET, ANDOVER, OFF. ABBOT ACADEMY.

"THE SUCCESSOR OF BOUGH,"

REV. SAM SMALL,

The Celebrated Georgia Evangelist, and co-worker with Rev. Sam Jones, will give his popular lecture, "FROM BAR ROOM TO PULPIT,"

IN ANDOVER TOWN HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 16th.

He is one of the most remarkable men of this age, and immense crowds greet him everywhere.

TICKETS, with reserved seat, only 35 cts.

On sale at The Andover Bookstore.

Doors open at 7. Lecture at 8.

POETRY.

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin'.
 If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I says to my wife, says I,
 "There's Brown, the miser'ble sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
 But I could not quite determine,
 When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they set and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds of cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of the man that gives
 The loud amen at preachin'.
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swallow,
 But I noticed that he did not open his mouth
 But once after that to holler.
 "Hurrah," said I, for "the minister"—
 Of course I said it quiet—
 "Give us some more of this open talk,
 'It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time,
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And riggin' out in bows and things
 As woman's rullin' passion,
 And coming to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a winkin'.
 And a nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you!"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
 But man's a queer creation,
 And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
 Won't take the application."
 Now if he had said a word about
 My personal mode of sinnin',
 I'd gone to work to right myself,
 And not set there a grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As a sort of moral umbrellas;
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brother's,
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
 You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smillin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew,
 It sot my blood to billin';
 Says I to myself, Our minister
 Is gittin' a little bitter,
 I'll tell him when the meetin's out that I
 Am not that kind of a critter."

—New York Star.

SELECTIONS.

Mrs. Downs' account of a Colored Meeting in Kentucky.

The Boston *Evening Record* publishes a letter from Louisville, dated March 1, and graphically describing the services of a colored church. The signature of the writer will give an additional interest to the article for Andover readers, and we print a large portion of it:

One of the most prosperous colored churches in Louisville is called the Tabernacle. The Tabernacle, elbowed left and rear by filthy tumble-down houses, darkened in front by a huge tobacco warehouse and jostled upon the right by a bulging engine-house, is rather forlorn in its exterior.

The interior of the Tabernacle is, however, better than one could expect, for it is of brick, relatively new, and generally filled with a decently clothed and fervent congregation. "In hoc signo vinces," is painted in very bright colors around the shadowy recess which holds the pulpit and tiny reed organ, and contains narrow seats upon its sides for a dozen old men, bent, deformed and uncouth of aspect, who were probably slaves "fo de wah," and whose office appeared to be the support of the preacher by vigorous "Amens," "Dat am so," "Yes, sah," and "Sartainly."

A gaunt woman in a checked apron and pasteboard sun bonnet with a deep cape showed us a seat, and while the audience was coming in the old men around the pulpit sang something like the following in thick, guttural voice:

O Lord Jesus, O Lord Jesus,
 My talent is but small,
 And 'tho' I increase its usefulness,
 Still, Lord Jesus, help in the trying hour, etc.

Evidently this was the opening anthem, for, as it finished, presiding Elder Washburn knelt and prayed. His aim appeared to be the treating of the Lord with perfect frankness, so far as the conduct of the frequenters of the tabernacle were

concerned, mentioning that part of them were present for the first time in three months, that others were tight-fisted of their money, and that most all minded other people's business instead of their own. To these embarrassingly specific statements, brothers and sisters all over the building assented with shrieks: "That's so," "I knowed it," "Go on, elder," "Don't you stop," and inarticulate sobs.

A handsome, portly, very black brother, whom we were told was Rev. G. Washington, then came forward.

"His mother told him to have good manners, whatever else he had, so he would say good morning to them. But they needn't expect much of a preach, for he had been kept up until midnight by seven converts over to New Albany, and tho' they knew there was nothin' on earth like an old-fashioned, protracted meetin' to him, yet 'twas mighty hard on a man!"

"Since he had seen 'em they had lost Brother Ridd. No death had ever affected him like Brother Ridd's and it made him think, as he hoped they'd think, that every body must die. Brother Ridd was a large man, as large as he, patting his stout form complacently, but Brother Ridd had to give up—and so must he." "Yes," "yes," "yes," shouted the elders, and their cheerful assent seemed a trifle disconcerting to Brother G. Washington. "But Brother Ridd died in the triumph of faith, and if he could die in the triumph of faith—what matter? His text was 'Straight is the gate and narrow is the way.'"

"The kind of fellers who walk in the broad way are easy enough found out. They are the no account fellers, the long-footed fellers, the hair-parted fellers, the fellers who hang round the corners with a see-gar in their mouths, and the fellers who say, 'I ain't going to give nothin' to the church, let 'em run their church as they're mind ter, tain't none of my business.'" Deep groans from the elders and a wild rocking of the entire body of an old man in the corner, prevented further description of the people who wouldn't give nothin' to the church, and G. Washington turned to the narrow way.

"You think you are in the narrow way and can keep there."

"Yes, yes, yes."

"I tell you, you can't, you must be borned again."

"How many of you are borned again?"

"I be! I be! I be!" came like the rattling of bullets from all parts of the house.

"Don't you be too sure. I know you'll go 'long a little piece, and then you'll try and get across lots, you'll tear through a corn field and tread it down, and you'll get into the wheat, especially after dark, and you'll sly up to a lottery shop, and if the door is shut you'll rattle the handle until they let you in. If you're going to keep in the narrow way you just hold on to the Lord Jesus, and don't take no notice of the devil, who is loafin' round, but hang on to Jesus and he'll haul you straight into the kingdom."

"I tell you the old-fashioned way is the best. In the old times your fathers and mothers didn't have no such churches as this; they didn't have none; nothin' but a log down by the door to set on; but they hung on to the Lord Jesus, at the wash-tub, in the cotton fields, and in the rice swamps. They was massacred, lacerated and mashed up; they was flogged, they was gashed and tormented, but they was in the narrer way which ran right up to the gate of heaven, and they're settin' in the kingdom today."

The shouts, howls, and even yells of approval, were deafening, and one ancient man, about the blackest present, whirled into the audience, and seizing a somewhat stolid brother, pitched him into the aisle, both screaming "A settin' today in the kingdom," as if they were mad.

But Brother Washington was not done with them.

"You needn't think you're in the narrer way while you hold on to the world and religion too. I hear some of you say, 'Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.'"

"That's out of the hymn-book, 'tain't in the Bible, and 'tain't true if you call it pleasure to prance round in an old Injun dance, for there ain't no religion in dancin', no more'n politics. No, you never found the Lord Jesus in a dance, you found the devil!"

"I see some on you on the street. 'Brother, why don't you come to church? My wife she be sick.' Your wife, she be's washin' for Sister Duely every Monday and supportin' you, you great, lazy feller."

"Sister, why don't you come to church? My husband he be sick." No, he ain't; he makes you cook a big dinner Sundays. I tell you a man that eats a big dinner Sundays shows what road he's in as much as if he was a killin' or a stealin'. 'But I ain't got no shoes.' Do you 's'pose your Lord is more pertikler than your neighbors? If you ain't got no shoes go bare-foot; if you can't walk straight, walk crooked, and if you can't stand, take to the knee way," suiting the action to the word and wriggling himself across the platform.

Throughout there was nothing but illustration without stint. Fighting, conquering, getting home, wearin' crowns and settin' in the kingdom were constantly recurring pictures. One of the most popular ideas was if the Lord wanted them he would thrash them into the narrer way, and "thrash away, Lord Jesus" was in everybody's mouth. G. Washington ending, Elder Washburn in another prayer clinched the nail he had driven.

Elder Washburn proposed to have Brother Huntley sing "Jesus, lover of my soul," as a solo, but the audience did not approve, and joined lustily, not heeding his plaintive entreaty. "Do let Brother Huntley sing it alone!"

As is common in the colored churches, two elders seated themselves at a table in front of the pulpit to receive the collection. I asked a little girl who had been rolling up her eyes until the whites alone were visible for the past half hour, to carry up my contribution, and she surprised me by inquiring in her turn if I wanted change. That humble quarter of a dollar was the largest gift made without doubt, for G. Washington broke out plaintively: "Poor children, you must be mighty poor toddy! We ain't got but a dollar and forty cents; make it up to two dollars, two dollars, now do," running up the scale like a prima donna. A five-cent bit, locally known as a nickel, was the only result; and, in spite of a hoarseness, he began in a really beautiful voice:

"I hear the billows roll, I hear the billows roll. Oh, it sometimes makes me tremble when I hear the billows roll."

The billows appeared to be an adjunct to, "Am I a soldier of the cross," of which he sang many verses, interspersing the "roll" whenever the effect demanded.

Pennies, nickels and dimes soon began to jingle upon the table, and I really felt I should be ashamed as Brother Washington told them they would, at the last day, of that miserable quarter of a dollar!

I presume the \$2 were collected, for the billows rolled for the last time, and a long breath drawn by the relieved audience made one think of Dante's place of sighs.

ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

The Home Ranch.

During much of the time we are away on the different round-ups, that "wheeled house," the great four-horse wagon, being then our home; but when at the ranch our routine of life is always much the same, save during the excessively bitter weather of midwinter, when there is little to do except to hunt, if the days are fine enough. We breakfast early—before dawn when the nights have grown long, and rarely later than sunrise, even in mid-summer. Perhaps before this meal, certainly the instant it is over, the man whose duty it is rides off to hunt up and drive in the saddle band. Each of us has his own string of horses, eight or ten in number, and the whole band usually split up into two or three companies. In addition to the scattered groups of the saddle band, our six or eight mares, with their colts, keep by themselves, and are rarely bothered by us, as no cow-boy ever rides anything but horses, because mares give great trouble where all the animals have to be herded together. Once every two or three days somebody rides round and finds out where each of these smaller bands is, but the man who goes out in the morning merely gathers one bunch. He drives these into the corral, the other men (who have been jolling idly about the house or stable, fixing their saddles or doing any odd job) coming out with their ropes as soon as they hear the patter of the unshod hoofs and the shouts of the

cow-boy driver. Going into the corral, and standing near the centre each of us picks out some one of his own string from among the animals that are trotting and running in a compact mass round the circle; and after one or more trials, according to his skill, ropes it and leads it out. When all have caught their horses the rest are again turned loose, together with those that have been kept up overnight. Some horses soon get tame and do not need to be roped; my pet cutting pony, little Muley, and good old Manitou, my companion in so many hunting trips, will neither of them stay with the rest of their fellows that are jamming and jostling each other as they rush round in the dust of the corral, but they very sensibly walk up and stand quietly with the men in the middle, by the snubbing-post. Both are great pets, Manitou in particular; the wise old fellow being very fond of bread and sometimes coming up of his own accord to the ranch house and even putting his head into the door to beg for it.

Once saddled, the men ride off on their different tasks; for almost everything is done in the saddle, except that in winter we cut our firewood and quarry our coal,—both on the ranch,—and in summer attend to the garden and put up what wild hay we need.

If any horses have strayed, one or two of the men will be sent off to look for them; for hunting lost horses is one of the commonest and most irksome of our duties. Every outfit always has certain of its horses at large; and if they remain out long enough they become as wild and wary as deer and have to be regularly surrounded and run down. On one occasion, when three of mine had been running loose for a couple of months, we had to follow at full speed for at least fifteen miles before exhausting them enough to enable us to get some control over them and head them towards a corral. Twice I have had horses absent nearly a year before they were recovered. One of them, after being on a ranch nine months, went off one night and traveled about two hundred miles in a straight line back to its old haunts, swimming the Yellowstone on the way. Two others were at one time away nearly eighteen months, during which time we saw them twice, and on one occasion a couple of men fairly ran their horses down in following them. We began to think they were lost for good, as they were all the time going farther down towards the Sioux country, but we finally recovered them.

If the men do not go horse-hunting they may ride off over the range; for there is generally some work to be done among the cattle, such as driving in and branding calves that have been overlooked by the round-up, or getting some animal out of a bog-hole. During the early spring months, before the round-up begins, the chief work is in hauling out mired cows and steers; and if we did not keep a sharp lookout, the losses at this season would be very serious. As long as everything is frozen solid there is, of course, no danger from miring; but when the thaw comes, along towards the beginning of March, a period of new danger to the cattle sets in. When the ice breaks up, the streams are left with an edging of deep bog, while the quicksand is at its worst. As the frost goes out of the soil, the ground round every alkali-spring changes into a trembling quagmire, and deep holes of slimy, tenacious mud form in the bottom of all the gullies. The cattle which have had to live on snow for three or four months, are very eager for water and are weak and in poor condition. They rush heedlessly into any pool and stand there, drinking gallons of the icy water and sinking steadily into the mud. When they try to get out they are already too deep down, and are too weak to make a prolonged struggle. After one or two fits of desperate floundering, they resign themselves to their fate with dumb apathy and are lost, unless some one of us riding about discovers and hauls them out. They may thus be lost in wonderfully small mud-holes; often they will be found dead in a gulch but two or three feet across, or in the quicksand of a creek so narrow that it could almost be jumped. An alkali hole, where the water oozes out through the thick clay, is the worst of all, owing to theropy tenacity with which the horrible substance sticks and clings, to any unfortunate beast that gets into it.

In the spring these mud-holes cause

very serious losses among the cattle, and are at all times fruitful sources of danger; indeed, during an ordinary year more cattle die from getting mired than from any other cause. In addition to this they also often prove very annoying to the rider himself, as getting his steed mired or caught in a quicksand is one of the commonest of the accidents that beset a horseman in the far West. This usually happens in fording a river, if the latter is at all high, or else in crossing one of the numerous creeks; although I once saw a horse and rider suddenly engulfed while leisurely walking over what appeared to be dry land. They had come to an alkali mud-hole, an old buffalo-wallow, which had filled up and was covered with a sun-baked crust, that let them through as if they had stepped on a trap-door. There being several of us along, we got down our ropes and dragged both unfortunates out in short order.

When the river is up it is a very common thing for a horseman to have great difficulty in crossing, for the swift, brown water runs over a bed of deep quicksand that is ever shifting. An inexperienced horse, or a mule,—for a mule is useless in mud or quicksand,—becomes mad with fright in such a crossing, and, after speedily exhausting its strength in wild struggles, will throw itself on its side and drown unless the rider gets it out. An old horse used to such work will, on the contrary, take matters quietly and often push along through really dangerous quicksand. Old Manitou never loses his head for an instant; but, now resting a few seconds, now feeling his way cautiously forward, and now making two or three desperate plunges, will go on wherever a horse possibly can. It is really dangerous crossing some of the creeks, as the bottom may give way where it seems hardest; and if one is alone he may work hours in vain before getting his horse out, even after taking off both saddle and bridle, the only hope being to head it so that every plunge takes it an inch or two in the right direction.

Nor are mud-holes the only danger the horseman has to fear; for in much of the Bad Lands the buttes are so steep and broken that it needs genuine mountaineering skill to get through them, and no horse but a Western one, bred to the business, could accomplish the feat. In many parts of our country it is impossible for a horseman who does not know the land to cross it, and it is difficult enough even for an experienced hand. For a stretch of nearly ten miles along the little Missouri above my range, and where it passes through it, there are but three or four places where it is possible for a horseman to get out to the eastern prairie through the exceedingly broken country lying back from the river. In places this very rough ground comes down to the water; elsewhere it lies back near the heads of the creeks. In such very bad ground the whole country seems to be one tangled chaos of canon-like valleys, winding gullies, and washouts, with abrupt, broken sides, isolated peaks of sandstone, marl, or "gumbo" clay, which rain turns into slippery glue, and hill chains whose ridges always end in sheer cliffs. After a man has made his way with infinite toil for half a mile, a point will be reached around which it will be an impossibility to go, and the adventurer has nothing to do but painfully retrace his steps and try again in a new direction, as likely as not with the same result. In such a place the rider dismounts and leads his horse, the latter climbing with cat-like agility up seemingly inaccessible heights, scrambling across the steep, sloping shoulders of the bluffs, sliding down the faces of the clay cliffs with all four legs rigid, or dropping from ledge to ledge like a goat, and accepting with unruffled composure an occasional roll from top to bottom. But, in spite of the climbing abilities of the ponies, it is difficult, and at times—for our steeds, at any rate—dangerous work to go through such places, and we only do it when it cannot be avoided. Once I was overtaken by darkness while trying to get through a great tract of very rough land, and after once or twice nearly breaking my neck, in despair had to give up all attempts to get out, and until daybreak simply staid where I was, in a kind of ledge or pocket of the cliff, luckily sheltered from the wind. It was mid-summer and the nights were short, but this particular one seemed quite long enough; and though I was on the move by dawn, it was three hours later before I led the horse as hungry, numb, stiff as myself, out on the prairie again.—*Theodore Roosevelt in the March Century.*

OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

The Public and the Locomotive Engineers.

Under this head the New York *Nation*, while acknowledging the locomotive Brotherhood as in recent years "a very conservative, prudent, and public-spirited body," recalls some interesting fact about "the hot-headed demagogic beginnings of Arthur's career as a labor agitator," and adds some sensible remarks as to his present fight with the "C. B. and Q.":

One of Arthur's strikes, and the most atrocious of all, was carried out in this manner on the Grand Trunk Line, in December, in the midst of Canadian snow and ice; and trains containing women and children were abandoned on the track, far from towns or houses, and men who were sent to work the engines, were actually mobbed and driven off by the ruffians of the Brotherhood, acting under his directions.

At last, however, the companies were roused into resistance by Arthur's growing audacity. He had carried through five strikes in six months, and had boasted at a meeting of his followers in Faneuil Hall that he had only to raise his hand "to stop every railroad running out of Boston." This impudence was more than the community could stand, so when he made an onslaught on the Boston and Maine Road early in 1877, he was collared and subdued. His formal demands in this case were small—ten cents a day increased pay to sixty-seven men; but the real question involved was whether an irresponsible agitator should be allowed to take the management of the road out of the hands of the owners, and in defiance of the community. The corporation resisted him. They secured men enough to run a few trains during the first two critical days. To one of these men \$1,500 in cash was offered if he would leave his engine; another was assaulted and badly beaten; and all of them were coaxed, or jeered at, or threatened and insulted from one end of the line to the other. But the company triumphed. In a few days it had the line in working order, and the public feeling ran so strongly in its favor that Arthur did not dare to carry out his threat of a general strike on the Boston roads. Had he done so, it would have been immediately met by the introduction into the Legislature of a law forbidding any corporation, under heavy penalties, to intrust a locomotive to a member of the Brotherhood. Such a measure, based on the principle that these men paid their highest allegiance to another power than the law of the State, and could not be relied on not to abandon trains full of passengers in dangerous positions, was, we understood at the time, drafted and ready for immediate submission. But it was not necessary. Arthur paused in his mad career, and was so sobered by the exhaustion of the funds of the Brotherhood in supporting the men whom he had induced to strike, that he turned over a new leaf, became the enemy of strikes, and a most useful and influential apostle of conciliation and moderation, and such he has remained until now.

We have no criticism to offer here on his quarrel with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road. He may be right in his contention that the engineers ought not to be paid according to their experience and skill, and the responsibilities put on them, although, if he be, it must be because drivers of locomotives differ in mental and moral constitution from the rest of mankind. But his engineers have left the employment of this corporation voluntarily, and for reasons that seemed good to them. What they are now contending for is the right to be employed, at a rate of wages fixed by themselves, by men who do not wish to employ them on any terms. This is, in the eyes of the rational portion of the American people, a ridiculous claim; but, whether ridiculous or not they will not permit a business between one small knot of laborers and one railroad, or factory, or mine, to be made the pretext for suspending the trade and transportation of the whole nation, and threatening large cities with scarcity of food and provisions. The man who supposes that this will be submitted to is more foolish than we believe it is likely for any one who has had Arthur's experience ever to become. Therefore we trust he will cease his vaporing, and either settle his quarrel with the C. B. and Q., or give

up trying to settle it and go into some other line of activity. His threats just now are those of a public enemy, and he must be careful or he will get himself treated as such. The community will not put up with insolence from a person of his dimensions which it would resent by a great war if it came from a foreign statesman. If he has the power he says he has, it ought to be taken away from him; if he has not, and is trying to get it, he ought to be stopped.

Sketch of the new Crown Prince, and future Emperor of Germany.

Prince William, the eldest son of the crown prince, and the future heir to the German crown, received the title of major-general as a birthday present. Two years ago—he is now 29—Prince William ranked only as a major, and people in general spoke with surprise at the slowness with which he advanced, yet all praised the thoroughness of his military education. Innumerable princelings were then above him, as well as untitled men of not much longer service, for a Prussian prince receives his straps at the age of 10! He was compelled to work like the rest of his comrades, equally subject to military discipline. Early and late he was with his regiment, ordered about as an ordinary major, saluting his superiors, with little or no attention—in a military way—paid to his royal rank. But all this is changed, and he wears now the brilliant insignia of a Prussian major-general. The Emperor appointed him by telegraph—he being stationed in Potsdam—and a few hours later he presented himself to his grandsire in his new regimentals, beamingly happy at his increased importance.

No officer in the army is more popular than this royal scion, and none more clever. No wonder that his men are attached to him. He has a pleasant word for all, and cracks his joke with the common man as though he were of his number. His training has been very democratic. He attended school at Cassel, boarding with one of the teachers, and treated exactly like one of the other boys. Taking his lunch one day, he noticed one of his comrades eating the black bread which the poorer classes use in Germany. Wishing to taste it, he offered to "trade" with the boy—the son, I believe, of a poor mechanic—who, of course, was only too glad to do so. It pleased the prince's palate so much that he made an agreement to exchange lunches with the boy every day—and thenceforward he always feasted upon the black bread baked in the house of the mechanic. He was graduated after several years at Cassel among the first in his class, to the great satisfaction of his parents, who attended the commencement. He afterward—as is the Hohenzollern custom—attended the university at Bonn and joined the famous Saxo-Borussen corps, over whose annual meetings he still presides, and is as eager as any in relating the pranks of his student days. And to-day one meets him in the streets of Berlin in civilian's clothes, mingling with the people like the "citizen king." The malady and suffering of the crown prince have roused the sympathies of the whole population, but despite his popularity, despite the way they love him, it is safe to say that the majority of the nation spend more enthusiasm upon his son, look upon Prince William as the wearer of the mantle of Frederick the Great, and believe him destined to fulfil the cherished hopes of Germany, further the plans of a Bismarck and Moltke and cement the union of the fatherland.

—Berlin letter in New York Tribune.

The Churches.

Prof. Hincks supplied the Chapel pulpit last Sabbath, his morning discourse being from Gal. 6: 9—Spiritual laws work out glorious results through our obedience to them. The afternoon subject was A lesson as to God's forgiveness (Luke 7: 36-50).

At the Baptist church, Rev. J. V. Stratton preached from Phil. 3: 12. Father Ryan's lesson of the day was John 6: 1-14. Pastor Makepeace's text was Ps. 139: 23, 24. Pastor Greene gave the second of the series of sermons on the Atonement from Rev. 5: 6—"A Lamb as it had been slain." Dr. Porter preached at Christ church from Phil. 4: 8.

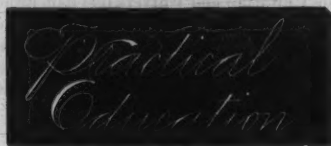
Pastor Blair exchanged with Rev. Dr. Wolcott Calkins of Newton, whose discourse was a powerful one from Matt. 20: 22—Christ blesses men according as they are able to receive and use his gifts. In the evening, he addressed a union meeting in the Free church upon the work of the McAll Mission in Paris, prefacing it with a sketch of Protestantism in France, showing the hold it still has on the French people.

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ANDOVER TO BOSTON, A.M. 6.59 ex. ar. in Boston 7.38; 4.46 ex. ar. 8.35; 8.06 ex. ar. 8.53; 8.33 ex. ar. 9.18; 9.47 ex. ar. 10.37; 11.10 acc. ar. 12.05 P. M. 12.26 ex. ar. 1.15; 12.29 acc. ar. 1.30; 2.09 acc. ar. 3.02; 3.18 acc. ar. 4.15; 4.25 acc. ar. 5.20; 5.44 acc. ar. 6.42; 7.00 ex. ar. 8; 9.39 acc. ar. 10.30. SUNDAY: 7.49 ar. 8.48; 8.33 ar. 9.45; 12.29 ar. 1.26; P. M. 4.32 ar. 5.30; 5.53 ar. 7; 7.51 ar. 8.55. All accommodation.

BOSTON TO ANDOVER, A. M., 6.00 acc. arrive in Andover, 7.02; 7.30 acc. ar. 8.23; 9.30 acc. ar. 10.24; 10.28 acc. ar. 11.30. P. M. 12.00 ex. ar. 12.44; 12.02 acc. ar. 12.53; 2.15 ex. ar. 3.00; 2.30 acc. ar. 3.42; 3.20 ex. ar. 4.05; 4.02 acc. ar. 5.00; 5.00 ex. ar. 5.45; 6.00 ex. ar. 6.35 acc. ar. 7.31; 7.00 acc. ar. 7.53; 11.00 ex. ar. 11.50. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.00 acc. ar. 9.00; P. M. 8.00; ar. 6.14; 6.03 ex. ar. 6.47; 7.00 acc. ar. 8.05.

ANDOVER TO LOWELL, A. M. 7.46 arrive in Lowell 8.35; 9.30 ar. 9.00; 9.51 ar. 10.35; 10.35 ar. 11.00; 11.10 ar. 11.39. P. M. 12.26 ar. 1.03; 1.35 ar. 2.35; 2.44 ar. 3.12; 3.18 ar. 3.45; 4.25 ar. 5.00; 5.50 ar. 6.15; 7.12 ar. 7.42; 9.39 ar. 10.10. SUNDAY: A. M. 7.49 ar. 8.13; 8.33 ar. 9.18. P. M. 12.29 ar. 12.50; 4.32 ar. 5.00; 5.53 ar. 6.25; 7.51 ar. 8.20.

LOWELL TO ANDOVER, A. M. 7.10 ar. in Andover 7.32; 7.35 ar. 8.23; 8.35 ar. 9.00; 11.00 ar. 11.30. P. M. 12.15 ar. 12.44; 1.00 ar. 1.23; 3.00 ar. 3.42; 3.40 ar. 4.05; 5.10 ar. 5.45; 6.15 ar. 6.47; 6.55 ar. 7.31; 11.10 ar. 11.45. SUNDAY: 8.20 ar. 9.06. P. M. 5.40 ar. 6.14; 7.30 ar. 8.05.

ANDOVER TO LAWRENCE, A. M. 7.02, 7.32, 8.23, 9.00, 10.24, 11.30. P. M. 12.44, 1.23, 3.00, 3.42, 4.05, 5.00, 5.45, 6.47, 7.31, 7.53. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06. P. M. 6.14, 6.47, 8.05.

LAWRENCE TO ANDOVER, A. M. 6.40, 7.30, 7.55, 8.20, 9.35, 9.40, 10.20, 11.00. P. M. 12.15, 12.17, 1.10, 2.00, 2.35, 3.00, 4.15, 5.40, 7.02, 7.05, 9.30. SUNDAY: 7.40, 8.15. P. M. 12.10, 4.25, 5.37, 7.44.

*From South side.

ANDOVER TO SALEM, A. M. 7.32, arrive in Salem 8.40. P. M. 12.53 ar. 2.03; 5.45 ar. 6.50.

SALEM TO ANDOVER, A. M. 7.00 arrive in Andover, 8.33; 11.32 ar. 1.35. P. M. 4.43 ar. 5.50; 6.00 ar. 7.12. Via Wakefield Junction, 10.35 ar. 11.30; 1.55 ar. 3.00.

GOING EAST, A. M. 7.02 H, 7.32 N, 8.23, 9.00, 10.24 H. P. M. 12.53 N, 1.23, 3.42 N, 4.05, 5.45, 6.47 N, 7.53 H. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06 H. P. M. 6.47, 8.05 H.

H. to Haverhill only. N. connects to Newburyport.

GOING NORTH, VIA MANCHESTER, A. M. 8.23. P. M. 12.44, 3.00, 5.45. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06. P. M. 6.47.

ANDOVER POST OFFICE.

WM. G. Goldsmith, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: for Boston, New York, South and West, 7, 9.20, 12, 6.45; for Lawrence, 8.00, 3.45; for East, 8, 3.45; for North, 8, 9.20, 3.45.

MAILS OPEN: from Boston, 8, 9, 1.30, 4.30, 5, 7.15; from Lawrence, 8.30, 1.30, 6, 7.45; from East, 1.30, 7.45; from North, 1.30, 6.

HOURS: 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Money order office, 8 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. Legal Holidays, open 8 to 9.30 A. M.

All Kinds of Rubber Foot Wear at

BROWN'S

The Empress High Arctic are the best

OVERSHOES

Made for Ladies' Wear.

Swift's Building, Main Street.

ANDOVER.

A. J. WEBSTER,

FINEST BRANDS

Tobacco and Cigars, Fruit and Confectionery.

Corner Tewksbury and Andover Sts., BALLARDVALE.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Valpey Brothers,

DEALERS IN

Meats, Vegetables, Poultry, etc. etc.

No. 1 Main Street, Andover, Mass.

Corner Elm Square.

JOHN CORNELL,

DEALER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY, AND STRAW.

OFFICE:

CARTER'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,

YARD:

Near the Freight Station of Boston and Maine Railroad.

THE MARKETS.

Local Retail Markets.

Corrected Weekly by Andover Dealers.

Flour, Haxall.	\$5.75 to \$6.00
" St. Louis.	5.00 to 5.25
Corn, per bag.	1.45
Meal " "	1.35
" oat, per lb.	3 1-2 c. to 4 1-2 c.
Oats, per bag.	95 c. to 1.00 c.
Shorts, per 100 lbs.	\$1.20 to \$1.25
Tea.	25 c. to 80 c.
Coffee.	24 c. to 33 c.
Sugar, gran.	7 1-2 c. to 8 c.
" brown.	6 c. to 7 c.
Butter.	22 c. to 35 c.
Cheese.	16 c. to 17 c.
Eggs.	10 c. to 20 c.
Lard.	10 c. to 11 c.
Potatoes, per bu.	to \$1.10
Onions, " peck.	28 c.
Beans, " "	60 c. to 85 c.
Cranberries, per bu.	\$2.50 to 3.20
Apples, per bbl.	\$1.50 to 2.50
Ham, per lb.	12 c. to 14 c.
Pork, roast.	14 c.
" salt.	12 c.
Beef, roast.	10 c. to 28 c.
" steak.	15 c. to 28 c.
Mutton, "	10 c. to 25 c.
Lamb roast.	10 c. to 20 c.
" chops.	15 c. to 25 c.
Veal.	10 c. to 20 c.
Sausages.	12 to 14 c.
Chickens.	15 c. to 25 c.
Fowls.	20 c.
Turkeys.	17 c. to 30 c.
Codfish.	c. to 10 c.
" dry.	7 c. to 11 c.
Smelts.	10 to 15 c.
Halibut.	12 c. to 18 c.
Haddock.	4 c. to 6 c.
Clams, per qt.	25 c.
Oysters, " "	30 c. to 40 c.
Hay, per 100 lbs.	85 c. to \$1.00
Straw, " "	\$1.05 to \$1.10
Coal, furnace, per ton.	\$7.50
" egg.	\$7.75
" stove.	\$8.00
Wood, hard, per cord.	\$6.00 to \$6.50
" soft.	\$4.50

Money Market.

STOCK QUOTATIONS reported by GOULD, HALL, and Co., No. 7 Exchange Place, Boston, for the week ending,

	At 3 P. M., Thursday, March 15, 1888.		Closing.	
	Lowest.	Highest.	Bid.	Asked.
Atchafson.	93 3-4	95 1-2	94 1-8	94 1-4
Atlantic & Pacific.	9	9 1-2	9	9 1-4
C. B. and Q.	122 7-8	125 1-2	123 1-2	123 1-4
Central of Mass.	21	22 1-2	21 1-4	21 3-4
Cent. of Mass. (pref.).	42	43	41 1-2	42
Mexican Central.	13	13 3-4		
Mexican 4's.	62 7-8	63 7-8	65 1-2	65 5-8
N. Y. and N. E.	32 1-4	35 3-8	32 3-4	33
Union Pacific.	54 1-8	54 5-8	54	54 1-4
Wisconsin Central.	16 1-4	16 3-4	16 1-4	17
Calumet & Hecla.	242	246 1-2	242	245
Kearsarge.	7 1-2	8		
Osceola.	23 1-4	24	22	23
Tamarak.	169	171	170	
Water Power.	7 1-2	7 5-8	7 1-2	7 3-4
Frenchman's Bay.	9	9 7-8		
San Diego.	42	45 3-4	44	
West End.	22 3-8	24 3-4	22 3-4	22 7-8
Topeka.	7	7		
Bell Telephone.	226	240 1-2	240	
Pullman Car.	139	140		

Various News Items.

The greatest snow-storm experienced in the Eastern states for many years prevailed the early part of this week. It is scarcely possible yet to trace its course or extent, so general and prolonged has been the interruption of telegraphic as well as railway communication. It began in New York City on Sunday evening, and on that night the wires were all down between that city and Washington, preventing the receipt of weather "probabilities." In New York, which seems to have been a "storm-centre," the snow continued to fall all day on Monday and during Monday night, and at intervals on Tuesday also, the mercury sinking to nearly zero. Travel on the street-cars and by elevated railroad, as well as by steam-cars, was utterly given up, and many who resided in distant parts of the city were obliged to seek quarters at the hotels. These soon became so crowded, that rooms, if obtainable, were held at \$25 to \$50 each, and hundreds of people were glad to occupy cots upon the floor. The severe gale which accompanied the snowfall prostrated the wires in every direction. No trains from New York arrived in Boston for four days, and the only telegraph dispatches crossed the ocean twice—"New York to Boston, via London." For a radius of twenty or thirty miles around Boston, rail communication was kept up, although trains were much delayed, but farther than that, the embargo seemed complete. In Central and Western Massachusetts and in Connecticut, the difficulty was greater than on the Northern roads. The first trains between Boston and Worcester got through on Thursday. On all the roads running out of Springfield, travel was entirely blocked, and snow filled the Union depot, several feet in depth. In Northampton, the public schools, and Smith College as well as all business, were suspended. Transportation of mails has been of course stopped throughout New England, except apparently, as above intimated, in the vicinity of Boston. An untold amount

of inconvenience has resulted from this long blockage, many humorous incidents are reported and a few casualties have occurred. When the accounts are all in, the storm will probably prove to be in extent, duration and effects the worst ever known in New England.

The Bostonian love of public gatherings cannot be subdued by blinding blizzards nor driving snow-storms. On Monday, when telegraphic wires were wrecked, railroads blockaded, and business largely suspended, various meetings were held according to announcement. The Evangelical Ministers' Association was in session at the Meimonaan; the Boston Monday lecturship and Miss Willard attracted an audience at Tremont Temple; a great reception was given by the Boston Catholic Union to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Williams and Mayor O'Brien being speakers; a fair in aid of the State Home for intemperate women was successfully opened at Music Hall, with speeches by the Governor, the Mayor and Phillips Brooks; and the Saturday Afternoon Bible-Class had its annual sociable at the Parker House. The notable feature of the latter was the absence of the two specially invited and specially to be honored guests, Dr. Meredith and Geo. W. Cable—the latter telegraphing that he was "snow-bound in Springfield depot," and the former detained by the storm at Brooklyn.

The list of deaths for the past week contains these names: Thomas J. Potter, General Manager of the Union Pacific Railway; Gen. D. H. Strother, the "Porte Crayon" of Harper's Magazine; Christopher C. Memminger, Rebel Secretary of the Treasury; Rev. Dr. Casneau Palfrey and Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Ryder, prominent clergymen respectively of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations; Henry Bergh, Secretary of Legation under Mr. Lincoln at St. Petersburg, and founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; Maj. Wm. P. Endicott of Salem, father of the Secretary of War.

Special Notices.

Rev. Sam. Small's lecture, "From Bar-Room to Pulpit," this (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock.

Winter Tournament of Phillips Athletic Association in Gymnasium, Saturday afternoon, March 17.

Prof. Gulliver will preach at the Chapel church, next Sunday, March 18.

Miss Grace E. Gilberth of the New West Educational Commission will address a union meeting, Sunday evening at 7.15 o'clock, on the work and needs of that organization. Collection to be taken.

Consecration meeting of West Parish Christian Endeavor Society, Sunday evening, 7 o'clock.

Selectmen's meeting, Monday P. M., Mar. 19, 8 o'clock.

Annual meeting of Farmers' Club for choice of officers, etc., on Monday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

Advertised Letters, Mar. 5, 1888.

Persons calling will please give the date of this list.

Abbott, Mary	Hayes, Geo. D.
Barboux, Louis	" James
Bailey, Mary J.	Hill, O. J.
Burton, J. C.	Holland, Mary
Collins, Dan.	Howe, Lizzie E.
Connell, James	Johnson, E. F.
Corliss, C. A.	Maddox, John
Crowell & Austin	McCurdy, Ida
Cooper & Dickenson	Malcom, H.
Edmonds, Mary	Phillips, W. C.
Freeman, L. E.	Shattuck, Wm.
Greenough, H. L.	Vaughn, J. T.
Hackett, Soph	Wallace, F. A.
Weymouth, Bell A.	

WILLIAM G. GOLDSMITH, P. M.

BIRTHS.

In Andover, March 10, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bradley.

DEATHS.

In Andover, (West Parish), March 10, Mr. William Hardy, aged 69 years.

In Andover, March 11, Mrs. Nancy (Wentworth) Rogers, aged 87 years.

In North Andover, March 13, Mrs. Mary (Chickering) Rea, aged 83 years.

In Chelsea, March 2, Mr. Daniel J. Golden of North Andover, aged 27 years.

In Andover (at the Almshouse), March 15, Mrs. Nicholas Wolff, a native of Germany, about 90 years old.

WANTED. To find a person who has used Beach's World Soap that is not perfectly satisfied. Ask your Grocer for it.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FANCY GOODS, Silk & Pure Linen Handkerchiefs,

Gloves, Dressing Cases, Vases,
Lamps, Mirrors, Bread and
Milk Sets, Crockery Sets.

Also a fine line of

California Fruit Confects,
Nuts, Fruits, Prunelles &c.

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ESSEX ST.,

ANDOVER, MASS.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

French and American Confectionery,

Foreign and Domestic Fruits,

Nuts of all kinds.

LONDON WAFERS.

New Stock of

Fruits, Preserves, and Jams, Honey, Tamarinds,

Olives, Sardines, Deviled Ham, and Pickles.

Fancy Goods and Toys.

Fresh-roasted Peanuts every day.

MAIN ST.

ANDOVER.

Come and See

what we can offer you in

Silk Handkerchiefs,

Mufflers, Kid, Dog-skin

and Castor Gloves,

Lined and Unlined.

ENGLISH, ANGORA & KENT

GLOVES

In all the Popular Colors,

Office & Tennis Coats,

Neckwear & Underwear

OF ALL KINDS.

J. H. DEAN,

Clothier and Gent's Furnisher.

Cutting, Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing
Done at Short Notice.

31 MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

WANTED!

A girl in a small family to do general house-work.
Apply to "J." TOWNSMAN OFFICE.

A. G. BARBER,
Practical Optician,

(Successor to Barber & Sanborn.)



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OFFICE DAYS: Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
also Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday
evenings.

ALL DEFECTS OF VISION CORRECTED.

J. M. Bradley,

TAILOR, CLOTHIER, & FURNISHER

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

GENT'S CLOTHING

Cleaned, Repaired and Pressed. Spots removed
without injury to the finest fabric.

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J. OSCAR KEY,

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Cast off clothing Bought and Sold. Orders by
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